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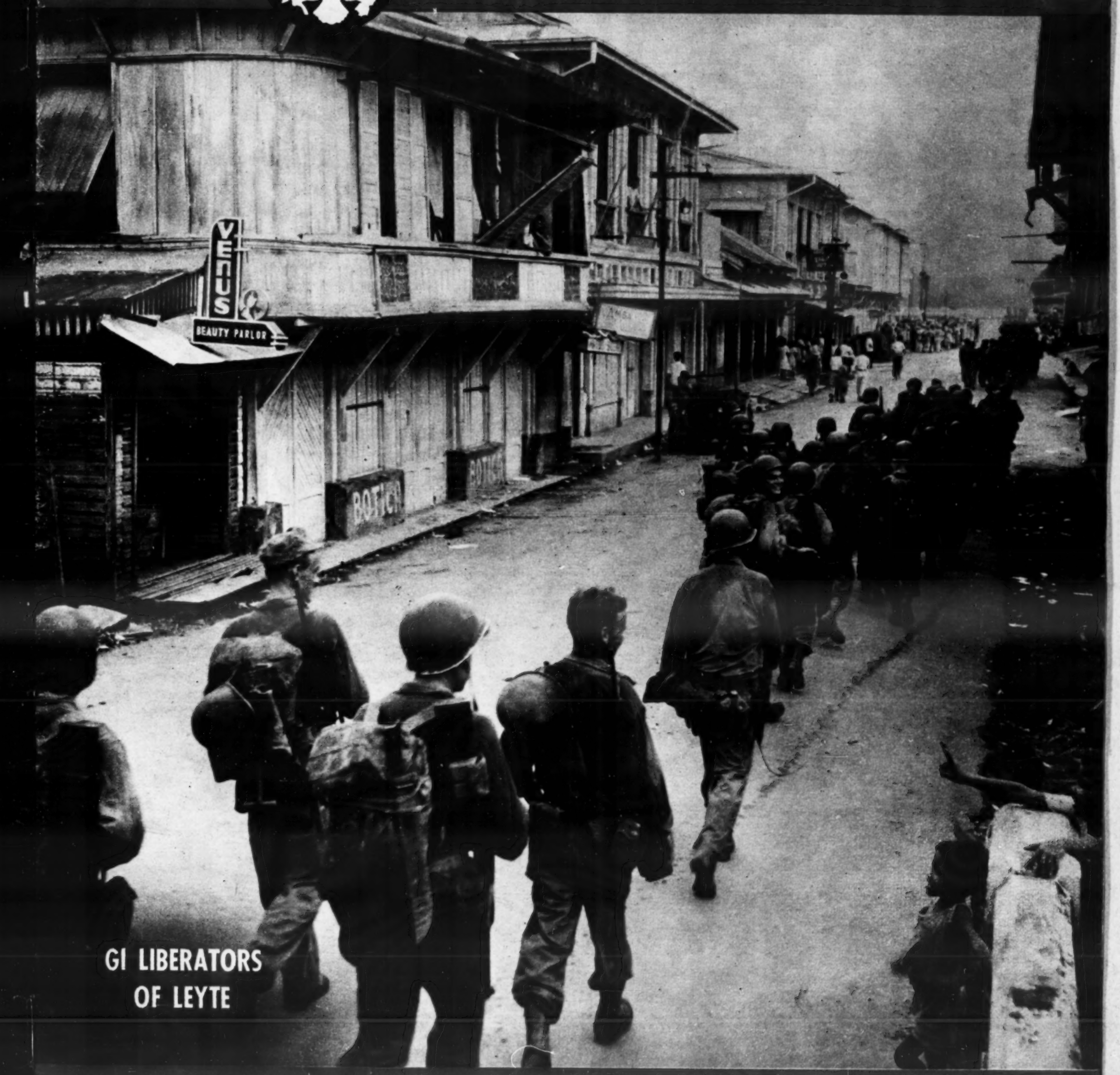
By the men . . . for the men in the service



GI LIBERATORS OF LEYTE

Stories and Photographs From the Philippines

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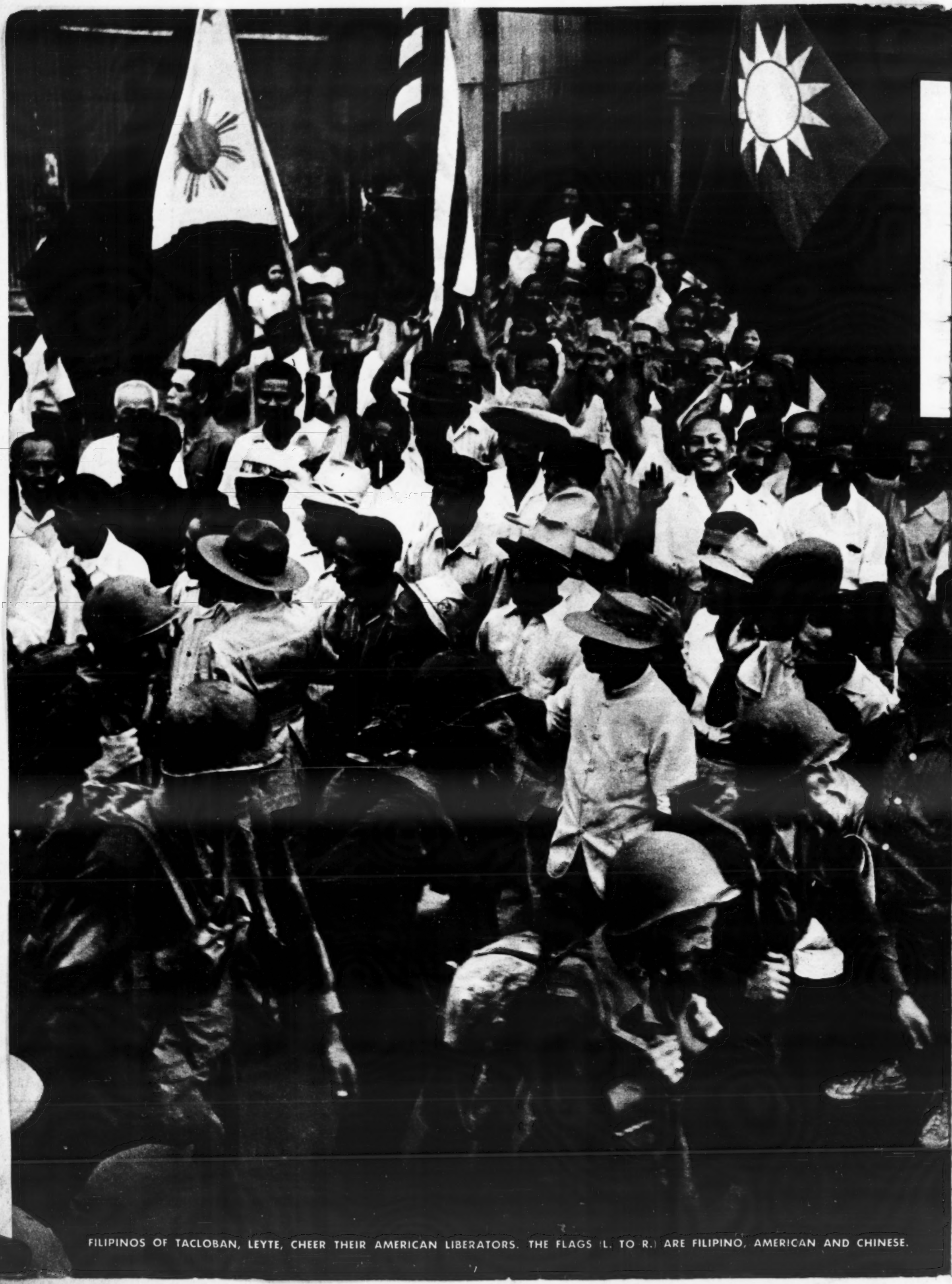
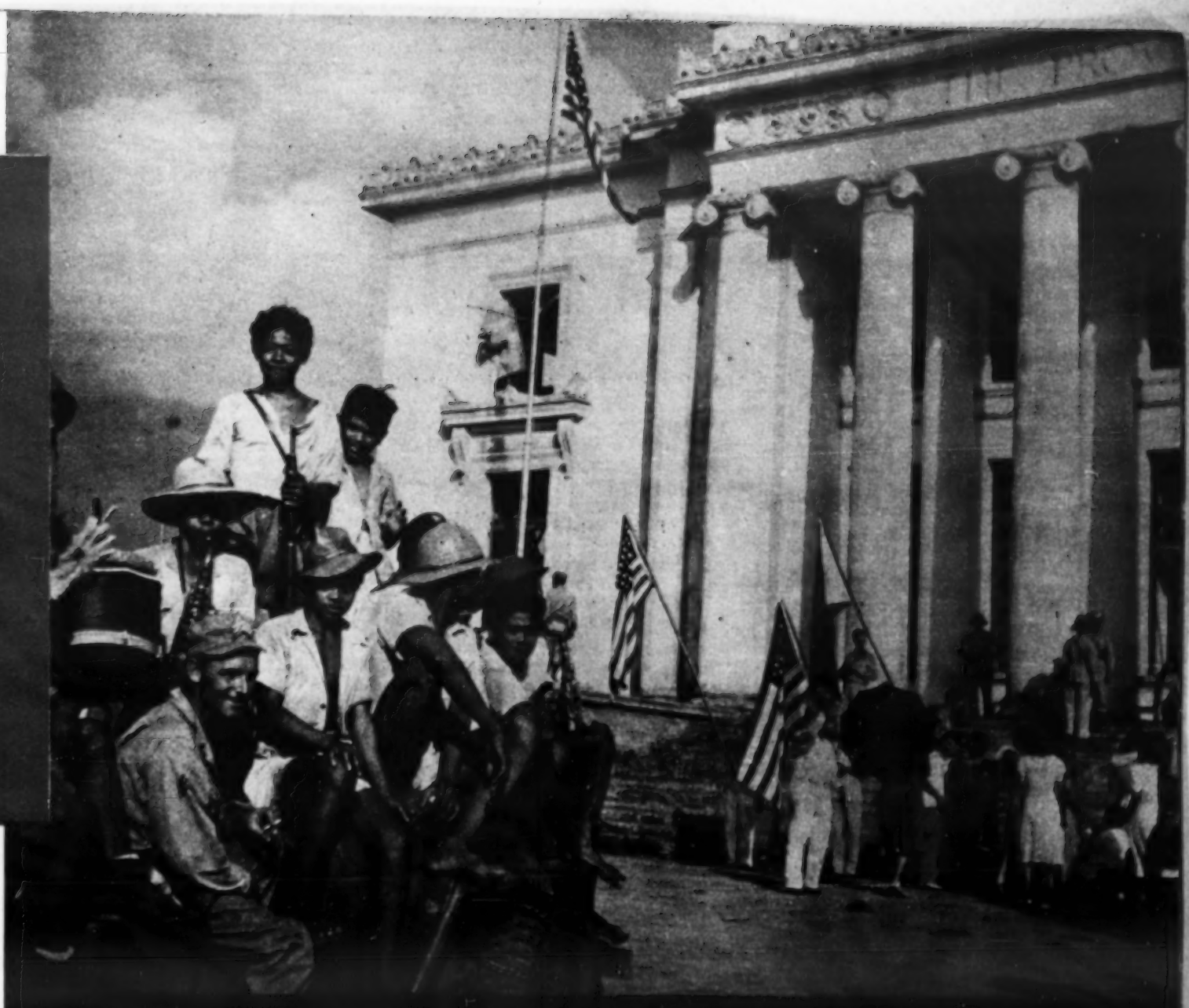


FILIPINOS OF TACLOBAN, LEYTE, CHEER THEIR AMERICAN LIBERATORS. THE FLAGS (L. TO R.) ARE FILIPINO, AMERICAN AND CHINESE.

Welcome at Leyte



Sgt Charles Cusino and a gang of kids park near the Tacloban capitol where President Osmena spoke

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

TACLOBAN, LEYTE—The parade didn't look like much at first. In fact, Blas Sypaco, the butcher, said later that if it hadn't been for the efforts of Joe Brillo, the scoutmaster, and a few other determinedly patriotic citizens, there wouldn't have been a parade to welcome the Americans into the island capital at all.

Not that the citizens weren't glad to see us or didn't feel that a public demonstration was in order. (As Blas Sypaco put it, "Do you imagine our hearts are not full of happiness when we look upon you?") It was just that it was tough to get the parade started. There were obstacles in the way.

For one thing, Tacloban's streets were already jammed with the endless, roaring movement of U. S. alligators, jeeps and trucks. And there were distractions in the shape of GIs passing out D-ration chocolate to the kids and making friends with the girls. There was also a brief burst of fire from a sniper, who was quickly silenced.

But Joe Brillo was not a man to be discouraged. Blowing frantically on his police whistle, he disengaged shy brunettes from not-so-shy noncoms, clapped his hands at squealing kids and told them to "behave like sensible children," and, with an imperial flourish of his arm, gave the starting signal.

Haltingly the little parade got under way. First came flag bearers with the Stars and Stripes and the emblems of the Philippine Commonwealth and the Chinese Republic. Trying doggedly to keep in step, the flag bearers trotted too fast for the businessmen in white duck suits who were next in line. The businessmen, looking much like Rotarians back home, were slow but helpful. When they spotted matrons they knew they called out: "Come, ladies. Don't be bashful. Join the fun." And the matrons, wearing gay trailing dresses, obediently took their places behind the businessmen.

After the matrons came Tacloban's young girls, wearing pink and blue wildflowers in their hair and dangling little American flags over their shoulders. A hit from the start, they giggled in acknowledgement of tributes received—whistles and calls of "Hiya, Beautiful" from GIs along the way.

Following the girls was a miscellaneous but enthusiastic collection of children and old men and women, some in torn burlap rags. They carried no flags and didn't try to keep step, but they cried "Victoree" with feeling and made the V-sign over and over again.

It was when they were turning into President Wilson Street that the marchers became an honest-to-goodness parade. That was Blas Sypaco's doing, for he was responsible for the music the occasion had conspicuously lacked. The Japs had not permitted the Filipinos to play the tunes of the islands or the States, and instruments had been well and lovingly hidden away. While the parade was forming, Blas had been busy trying to round up the members of the town's pre-Jap

Pvt Martin Saulen kneels by an enthusiastic Filipino miss who waves a U. S. flag at passing GIs

Pvt Elmer Witman meets a Filipino First Aid girl From Manila, she lives in Tacloban now

Filipino women on Leyte dressed in finery when they celebrated the regaining of their freedom

Natives line the sidewalks in a spontaneous demonstration as the Yanks roll into town

American troops advance cautiously on a building. A sniper has been located and they will wipe him out.

A GI drags a dead Jap out of a pillbox entrance. The Jap had got some Yanks earlier in the day.

band. Now the bandsmen put in their appearance—Candelario Morillo and his clarinet, a trombonist, a tenor sax and a very young drummer.

While the bandsmen were running to catch up with the parade, S/Sgt. Charles J. Cusino of Red Lodge, Mont., came by in a jeep and invited them to hop in. A bunch of kids hopped in, too, and the musicians were pretty well buried from view when, with Sgt. Cusino directing, they burst into "Happy Days Are Here Again." Not for nearly three years, Sypaco said, had the people heard such a cheerful song.

For that matter, except for the times the Japs had herded them into the cathedral square to listen to new proclamations, it had been that long since the people of Tacloban could gather in a public demonstration.

The businessmen who so jovially marched in the vanguard knew what it was like to be kicked and beaten for not bowing to a Jap officer. The matrons who sang so spiritedly had often stood by helplessly while Jap soldiers plundered their homes of food and furnishings. The working people had done forced labor in the rice paddies. Young Felipe de los Teyes, who ran beside the marchers with a GI fatigue cap on his head and a C-ration can clutched in his hand, had seen his father clapped into jail on suspicion of listening to a short-wave broadcast from the States.

With the music to spur them on, the people made up for the lost years, singing and marching proudly into the plaza before the white-columned provincial capitol. They were themselves again, Blas Sypaco said.

And being themselves again, the people of Tacloban gave the Yanks the official welcome which every citizen had long and silently dreamed about.

Notes From Combat Diaries

By YANK Staff Correspondents

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—Every GI who landed in the Philippines knew that among the troops he would be facing were Japs of the 16th Division, conquerors of Bataan. At least one patrol of the 24th Infantry Division was sharply reminded of that during the drive on Ormoc.

The patrol, reported Pfc. Jesse Burton of Anderson, S. C., spotted a handful of Japs about 100 yards ahead on a ridge. The patrol leader ordered his men to spread out but hold their fire until they could be sure that these were Japs and not another American outfit.

The closer they got, the more the GIs were perplexed. The Japs were wearing American-style uniforms and carrying '03s or M1s, evidently captured during the Philippines campaign of 1942. When the patrol was close enough to be certain these were Japs, they fired. One of the bogus GIs was shot through the head before a couple of Jap machine guns opened up and forced the Americans to pull back.

Not long afterward, a mortar section—taking its fire directions from the patrol—laid a concentration on the area where the Japs were located. Advancing troops reported that the masqueraders had been wiped out.

WHEN IN ROME. As Central and Southwest Pacific forces merged for the first time in the Philippines show, only one minor hitch marred the smooth teamwork.

The boys from New Caledonia, Espiritu Santo, Guadalcanal, Hawaii and Palau were still driving on the right side of the road, the way they do in the States. But GIs from Australia, New Guinea, Biak and Morotai had picked up the habit of driving on the left.

After jeeps weaved their way back and forth uncertainly the first few days, it was decided to follow the local Filipino custom by keeping to the left.

SURPRISE. Flying over Leyte, 2d Lt. Milden Mathre of Cedar Falls, Iowa, encountered his first Jap fighter. He gave the Zero a short burst from his Lightning, rolled over when the Zero pilot did, poured in a long blast and throttled back. He found himself flying in a tight wing formation with the Jap, much too close for comfort. Happily at that moment the Jap plane burst into flame. It was the 500th plane credited to Mathre's outfit, the 49th Fighter Group, oldest fighter unit in the SWPA.

COMBAT PX. The dirty, bewhiskered GI of Bill Mauldin's cartoons is just as common a feature of the Pacific war as he is of the campaign in Italy. But the 1st Cavalry Division decided to bring a few garrison comforts to front-line GIs on Leyte by setting up a forward PX on A-plus-four.

A warehouse in Tacloban was used to store the boatload of PX supplies brought ashore by Lt. William Clem of New Haven, Conn.; Cpl. Jack Barone of Buffalo, N. Y.; Pvt. Robert Smith of Detroit, Mich., and Pfc. Henry Henrici of Chicago, Ill. Each forward unit sent back one officer to the PX, authorized to sign an IOU for supplies to be sold to the men in the line.

Shaving cream, soap, candy and chewing gum got a big play. But the PX even had pretzels, just in case there was any issue of beer.

DROUGHT. There's not much to drink in the Philippines but water. The native stores have only a stray bottle or two of beer or Jap *sake*, and reports of a supply of something even vaguely alcoholic send a mad rush of men in that direction. Word spread around Dulag that there was a cache of Jap beer near the President Harrison School and GIs rushed there from all over town. Even the brass turned out and a major was almost trampled in the rush. There were a lot of beer bottles all right, but they were empty.

INSIDE INFORMATION. On A-plus-one, a Filipino canoe bulging with 27 men, women and children drew up alongside an LCI standing off Leyte. A little startled, Lt. Comdr. George Hannette welcomed the party aboard.

Soon, in the officers' wardroom, one of the Filipinos was pointing at a map of the island and explaining where the Jap installations were located. He knew exactly because he had been forced to help construct some of them.

"Right here," he said, "is the house where the most important Jap officers eat dinner at 6:30 every evening."

As dusk settled over the island at 1830 hours that night, two U. S. Navy Dauntless dive-bombers hedgehopped the big house and dropped their eggs. Not long after, they radioed Comdr. Hannette: "Mission completed. House destroyed."

JOISEYITE. Three GIs on Leyte were heading for headquarters in a Japanese truck commandeered by Filipino patriots. As the driver swung the car around a corner, a Filipino standing nearby shouted: "Any of you from New Jersey?" They weren't, but the GIs figured the Filipino had read about New Jersey and they decided they might as well make him happy. "Sure," they yelled back. His reply convinced them he knew what he was talking about. "How," the Filipino demanded, "are the mosquitoes?"

CARABAOS ARE NEUTRAL. Big-horned carabaos (water buffaloes used by Filipinos as beasts of burden) worked for both sides. The Japs drove the animals before them as a screen when they counterattacked outside Palo, according to men of the 24th Division. And the 323d Infantry of the 96th Division used a train of 100 carabaos to get their supplies through miles of muddy terrain when all wheeled equipment was bogged down. The CG of the 96th made a four-mile trip from the front on carabaoback, his aide hanging on behind.

DETERMINED. When S/Sgt. Manuel Kachaturian of Belvedere Gardens, Calif., starts after a Jap revolver as a souvenir, he keeps going until he gets it.

Scouting north of the San Pablo airfield on Leyte with Cpl. James Durand, Kachaturian was about 25 yards in the lead when he was shot in the left shoulder. Wheeling, he saw a Jap officer aiming a revolver at him from the brush. Kacha-

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Pvt. Elton Meurer and Pfc. Barney Laman beneath a Japanese "Brutal America" propaganda poster.

GIs get souvenirs of Jap invasion money from T-5 William R. Cates. Cates is from Slaughters, Ky.

A Filipino woman cleans out what used to be a Jap photo lab. Jap propaganda litters the front steps.

turian hurdled a ditch, made a flying tackle and brought the officer down.

Just then a companion of the officer opened fire from deeper in the brush. A bullet wounded Durand in the neck. Kachaturian and Durand sprayed the woods with tommy guns and finished off the second Jap.

The Jap officer started to make a break. Kachaturian leaped again, hauled the officer down, and pocketed his pistol with satisfaction. "I earned it," he said.

BOOBY TRAP. Neatest Jap trick to date in the fighting on Leyte was reported by Pfc. James Garfield of Covina, Calif., member of the G-2 section of a 7th Division outfit.

"Our wire gang put in a line right to the front," he said. "Next morning the Japs cut off a big wad of it and rerouted the wire through the brush to their pillbox. Three of our men, following the wire to get to our CP, walked right into Jap fire."

MEDIC. On Attu in the Aleutians, Sgt. Boyd J. Davis of San Andreas, Calif., a 7th Division medic, won the Silver Star for gallantry. On Kwajalein, he patched up dozens more of GIs.

Here on Leyte, Blackie Davis was wounded in the leg when the advance platoon was caught in a crossfire of two Jap heavy MGs. He bound up his own wound and refused to be evacuated.

"There's no chance of thinking about getting hit," he said. "You just have to keep on working. My leg was hurting so much I figured another bullet couldn't make it any worse."

HOMECOMING. When a Jap Val bomber sneak-raided a U. S. vessel at anchor off Batabagnon, bomb splinters wounded the entire crew of the 3-inch rifle on the after deck but missed Francis Kirkbride, a cox'n who was right beside the others.

"I've been through five of these things, and never had a scratch," he said. "Charmed life, I guess. Where am I from? I'm from here—these same blasted islands. Had a wife and kid in Manila. I was in Pearl when the Japs hit; the family was in Manila."

He nodded in reply to the next question; the wife and kid would always be there in Manila.

Assault troops of the 7th Infantry Division are outlined against the sky as they dig out the few remaining Japs from the pillbox area above Tacloban.

Lazy MP Ranch

GI cowboys celebrate the end of their wild-cattle round-up. These MPs roll their fatigue hats to simulate sombreros and otherwise follow cow country fashions.

By Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

RUSSELL ISLANDS—The six MPs rode their horses out of the coconut grove toward the cattle browsing near the swamp.

"Take it easy," said Pvt. Garland Trammell of Old Glory, Tex., "or they'll scatter."

The MPs fanned out into a semicircle and started around the herd toward the far side. A yellow bull, with long horns about three feet across, faced them and lowered his head.

"Keep your eyes on that yellow sonuvabitch," said Pvt. W. S. Funk of Circle, Mont.

The bull swung his head from side to side, took a few steps forward, then stopped. A red cow broke from the herd and started toward the swamp. The bull wheeled and started after the cow. The rest of the 34 cattle followed.

"Head 'em back for the coconut trees," shouted Sgt. Edward Highwood of Phoenix, Ariz.

At one end of the MPs semicircle, Pfc. James McArthur of Buhl, Idaho, kicked his horse and rode at a gallop up alongside the cow. He swung a rope at her as if it were a quirt. She veered toward the trees. The other cattle followed.

The MPs were rounding up all the cattle—about 175 head—on one of the principal islands in the Russell group because the animals, roaming at large, had been straying onto highways and airstrips, creating hazards for vehicles and planes. The cattle were to be shipped to a nearby island for the duration.

MP wranglers drive cattle through coconut groves.

When it comes to round-ups the GIs know their stuff. All were cowboys back in the States. Some wear fatigue hats with brims curled up from a peak at the front in sombrero style, and lariats hang from saddle horns. They call this area the Lazy MP Ranch. The "ranch house" is a GI pyramidal tent, and nearby is the western-style corral, made of coconut logs.

But riding herd in the Russells, through coconut groves and jungle, is tougher than it was in the States. The MPs' horses often stumble over fallen coconuts and into abandoned gun emplacements. The island cattle, some apparently of pure Brahma stock, often attempt to gore everything in sight, so the MPs carry .45 automatics.

HEADING for the corral, Pvt. Trammel and the other MPs were driving their herd through the coconut trees, for they learned long ago that in a clearing of any size, it is difficult to prevent the cattle from scattering.

The herd came to the end of the grove. Ahead was a Seabee camp. On one side was the ocean; on the other was a road. The MPs had to drive through the camp. Lanky Pfc. Charlie (High Pockets) Williams of Corning, Calif., rode to the front of the herd so the red cow would have something to follow.

"What gives?" asked a startled Seabee as he stuck his head out a tent. "Hi ho, Silver," yelled another. "Stop and butcher them," invited somebody else. A fourth Seabee asked: "What part of Texas you fellows from?" He didn't wait for an answer. The yellow bull had lowered his head. The Seabee vanished around the tent.

As the MPs drove the cattle into the next coconut grove, the horse ridden by Pvt. Bill (Peso) Reynolds of Alamogordo, N. Mex., stepped on a coconut and stumbled into a narrow space between a tree and an abandoned gun emplacement. The yellow bull picked that moment to charge him. Reynolds had no room to maneuver. The bull's 1,000 pounds crashed head-on into the MP's horse, knocking him down. Reynolds yanked the reins and kicked him. The horse scrambled to his feet and backed away.

The bull charged again. The MP jerked his .45 from his holster and fired over the bull's head. The bull turned and plodded after the red cow.

But he didn't stay peaceful long. A few minutes later he charged McArthur. The MP lashed the bull across the head with a rope. But that didn't prevent one of the bull's horns from scratching the shoulder of McArthur's horse. The horn also glanced off the stirrup, bruising the MP's ankle. The horse plunged away, and the bull calmed down again.

The day before, Trammell had killed another bull, a large black Brahma that had been loaded onto a truck trailer at the corral, to be taken to the ship that would transport him to the nearby island. The bull had been tied with so many ropes he could barely move, but he managed to knock down the trailer's sidewall and start off among the spectators. Trammell, who was on the trailer within arm's length of the animal, pulled out his automatic and shouted: "Stand clear." The bull was very dead when he hit the ground.

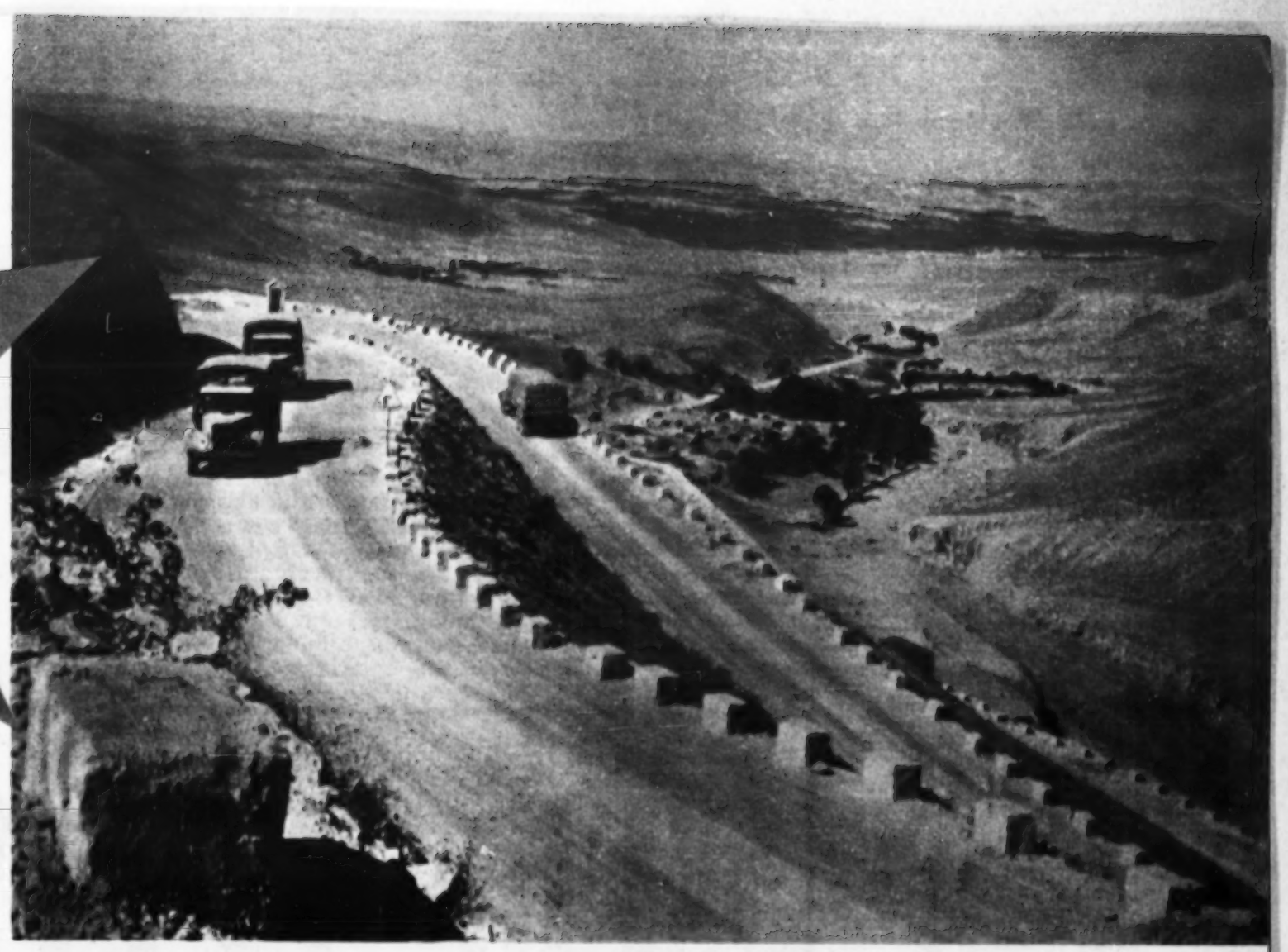
Now the corral and "ranch house" were in sight. Reynolds rode on past the herd and yelled for the four MPs stationed at the corral to lend a hand. They were S/Sgt. Marvin Frazier of Kamiah, Idaho, in charge of the detail; Pvt. Nick Koch Jr. of Hamilton, Mont., and Pfcs. Fred Padilla of Albuquerque, N. Mex., and Ray Gerloff of Trammell's town of Old Glory, Tex. He and Trammell went to school and worked together at Old Glory, came into the Army together and haven't been separated yet.

The four MPs mounted their horses and helped the others drive the cattle into a V-shaped, wire-fenced funnel that led to the corral. The cattle loped into the corral without a hitch. McArthur slid off his horse and closed the corral gate.

"Right now there's just one thing I wish for besides my heading home," he said. "I wish we really had a Lazy MP brand so I could burn it on that yellow bull in red-hot letters a foot high."

Three Lazy MP Ranch hands wrassle a wild calf.

The RUSSIAN GATEWAY



The road winds through country that looks like the ocean bottom with the water long since drained off.

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

MOUNTAIN DISTRICT, IRAN—"Now I know what it must have been like to be the first American soldier entering Paris."

That's what Cpl. L. C. Alexander of Charleston, W. Va., lead driver of the first American convoy of trucks to push north into the Russian "sphere of influence" in Iran, had to say about his welcome in the cities of Pahlevi and Tabriz.

Most of the people—Persians, Armenians, Greeks and Russians—had never seen American soldiers before. Many greeted the convoy with two fingers raised for victory, and the Russian soldiers were prompt with smiles and salutes. At each traffic-check station along the route, a Russian Wac executed a tricky flag salute with all the precision of a drum major. And in the pleasant little resort town of Pahlevi on the Caspian Sea, native children soon learned to shout "Hello, Johnnee," and to act as self-appointed guides for the sightseeing truckers.

There was a reason for the warm greetings the Russians gave the great "serials" (convoys) of top-heavy Mack Diesel trucks. To Tabriz the Americans were hauling beans and other much-needed food staples. To Pahlevi, for transshipment by sea to devastated Russian villages, each Diesel carried a 9½-ton generator that would restore power and light to burned-out home towns.

Tabriz is 306 miles northwest of Kazvin, Iran's northernmost U. S. Army post. Pahlevi is only half as far, but the GI drivers of the Motor Transport Service of the Persian Gulf Command must wheel their overweighted trucks along just the suspicion of a dirt road, sometimes skirting 1,000-foot precipices.

It would be hard to exaggerate the ruggedness of the terrain or the hazards of the dirt road struggling through it. The country looks like the bottom of the ocean, with the water long since drained off, or like something out of the old cinema thriller "The Lost World." In Persia, a man with "the *vodka* frets" may be forgiven for peering over his shoulder occasionally to assure himself that no dinosaur is following him.

Truck drivers live out of their musette bags. This one gets a quick shave at a road camp.

A "serial" stops for a moment on the dirt road. The drivers get out and stretch and swap trucking talk.

You go above the clouds at 13,000 feet, and your ears start to ring. For miles and miles you see nothing but wastelands of volcanic rock, with just the wisps of blue fumes from the Diesel ahead to assure you that you're on the right trail. Then you pass three or four figures on donkeys, the man draped in a cloak of many colors that rivals Joseph's, his wives veiled in white. Time was when the man always led the family procession; now that traffic is more hazardous, one of the wives usually goes first to take the risks. Some of the families may be accompanied by an entourage of goats, sheep, dogs and children just past the toddling age. Each one of these is an extra hazard to the trucker.

Nearly all the GI drivers, former members of the American Truckers Association, volunteered for the army after their draft boards had exempted them because they were performing essential civilian work.

The truckmaster, S/Sgt. Jack Robinson, hauled lumber in Portland, Oreg. Others—like Cpl. Arthur W. Kreider of Wilmington, Del.; Cpl. Melvin Teasley of Seattle, Wash.; Cpl. Edwin E. Winter of Petersburg, Ohio; Cpl. Chester Altizer of Seattle; Cpl. Clifton Cooper of Portland, N. Dak.; Pfc. Kenneth Odemark of Tacoma, Wash.; Pfc. John D. Tippy of Blackfoot, Idaho; Pfc. James W. Mitchell of Wheeling, W. Va., and Pfc. Ben Griffiths of Philomath, Oreg.—pulled smokers over the Rockies, hauled hay in Kansas, trucked ore out of Leadville or shoved Coca-Cola into Baton Rouge.

For 18 months this outfit, commanded by Lt. William C. Derryberry of Beverly Hills, Calif., hauled goods for Russia across the tough desert route from the port of Khorramshahr to Andimeshk, a 14-hour trip through heat so intense the drivers had to wear gloves to handle the wheel.

The 17-day, 1,884-mile round trip from Khorramshahr to Tabriz was a pleasant change. For the first time since they had been overseas, the GIs saw lush vegetation, grassy hills and thriving farms up north near the Caspian. At Pahlevi, they could sample light beer, good cognac, smoked fish and the world's best caviar.

One GI could speak Russian; he was partied to death. Other Americans took Armenian girls to dances. Everybody made a hit with the Russians. As one grizzly trucker put it: "You can't help liking people who applaud every time you light a cigarette."

But the truckers couldn't make any headway with the chubby, well-scrubbed, very business-like Russian Wacs who did traffic duty along the road. The sad experience of Cpl. Deward Brewer of Mullins, W. Va., may explain why. In spite of the cold looks he got, he kept on calling all the Russian girls *babushka*, thinking it meant something like baby.

Babushka means grandmother.

This Week's Cover

THROUGH a street in Tacloban, capital of the province of Leyte in the Philippines, a file of Yanks moves frontward at route step. One of the Filipino kids in the lower right-hand corner greets them with a finger sign for Victory. This picture was taken by YANK staff photographer Sgt. Dick Hanley.

PHOTO CREDITS, Cover & 2—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 3—Upper, Sgt. Marvin Fasig; others, Sgt. Hanley. 4—Left, Sgt. Bill Alcine; right, Pfc. George Burns. 5—Upper left, Pfc. Burns; upper center, Sgt. Fasig; upper right, Sgt. Hanley; lower, Sgt. Alcine. 6—Cpl. Lee Wilson. 7—OTI, Persian Gulf Command. 8—Sgt. Bill Davidson. 10 & 11—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 12 & 13—Signal Corps. 18—Upper, PRO, Geiger Field, Wash.; lower, PRO, Camp Shelby, Miss. 19—Upper left, PRO, Hendricks Field, Fla.; upper right, SAASC, Kelly Field, Tex.; lower, Signal Corps, Fort Lewis, Wash. 20—MGM. 21—Left, INP; center, Russell Birdwell; right, AFRS. 23—Upper, Sgt. John Frano; lower, INP.

The T-5 Colonel

At 46, this soldier of fortune has a long list of wars behind him, but he's still in there pitching. He has at least seven good reasons for fighting the Germans.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIRST ARMY IN GERMANY—When T-5 Alfred Perrott-White walked into an ETO orderly room last November to report for duty after a transfer from the Mediterranean, he was only a pfc, but a full general wandering into the area couldn't have caused more consternation.

In the first place, Perrott-White was 46 years old, with a distinct British accent and the hawk-nosed face of a British-Indian army colonel, which he might very well have been. In the second place, he had a pair of RAF officers' wings sewed above one pocket of his GI blouse, and above the other he wore 20 campaign ribbons and decorations four rows deep.

The ribbons were a bewildering collection of French, British and American medals, indicating service in two wars, in the RAF, at Khyber Pass and in the French Foreign Legion. Among the medals was the *Croix de Guerre* with two silver stars.

"Okay, Gen. MacArthur," said the top kick, in the way of all top kicks, "let's see your service record."

Perrott-White handed over his service record. While everyone else gawked, the top kick, a tough customer named Albers, thumbed the pages until he came to the section marked "Citations and Decorations." He settled back to read. As he read, he stared up uneasily from time to time at Perrott-White. Then he snapped the service record shut and settled back to think.

"I quit," he said finally. "When I got to worry about putting Beau Gestes and Paddy Finucanes on KP in my own outfit, it's time for me to quit."

And he retired to the privacy of his chambers.

SINCE then the reaction to Perrott-White in the U. S. Army has been the same. I met him in Belgium just as we were about to plunge across the border into Germany for the first time. Because of his age and knowledge of languages, his principal job now is to get as close to the lines as possible to interview civilian refugees filtering through from the other side.

The idea is to get information about mine fields, enemy-troop concentrations, etc., in the path of the advancing corps. I saw French and Belgian civilians take one look at Perrott-White and his decorations and begin to address him excitedly as "*mon colonel.*"

Colonels in his outfit have been known to ask Perrott-White questions concerning British battle tactics at Amiens in the last war and phases of the Foreign Legion campaign against the Riffs in Africa. He has been visited by high-ranking RAF officers who used to fly with him in the old days when he was a flight lieutenant (the equivalent of captain). And once a driver at headquarters got into a terrific fight with three men from the armored division who looked at Perrott-White and his decorations and described him as being full of it.

Perrott-White is the only genuine soldier of fortune many of the officers and men have seen outside the movies, and accordingly he has become a sort of legend in the outfit. GIs will whisper furtive asides to you that Perrott-White is the son of a viscount, that he was a general cashiered out of the British Army and that he owns millions of dollars worth of diamond mines in South Africa.

None of this is true. The Perrott-White career, however, reads like something out of a Hollywood script. Even his entry into the U. S. Army was unique. Whereas most GIs make their first contact with the Army through the drab medium of an induction center, Perrott-White took a few pot shots at it with a 75-mm before he enlisted.

It happened in North Africa in November 1942. Perrott-White was then a sergeant in the Foreign Legion. He was attached to a battery of 75s thrown in as part of the French coast-defense system around the vital port of Lyautey in Morocco. Perrott-White was reclining comfortably in the sack that night, all packed up and ready to leave for Dakar in the morning, when suddenly, at 0430 hours, he was lifted from his cot by the force of an explosion and deposited neatly across the room. A 16-inch shell from one of our battlewagons had exploded less than 500 yards away. The invasion of North Africa was on.

Perrott-White got to his feet and stumbled outside in the pitch blackness. There was a con-

"Okay, Gen. MacArthur," said the top kick, in the way of top kicks, "let's see your service record."

fusion of yells and the noise of explosions.

"We're being attacked by the Germans," someone shouted. And the battery began unpacking its guns. They still couldn't see a thing, but Perrott-White went to the crest of a hill as a forward observer, and the battery began to lay down a general barrage to cover the approaches to the river mouth. For three hours they didn't know whom they were fighting. Finally at 0745 it began to get light. Then the planes came over. Perrott-White took one look at the first attacking plane, and went running into the captain commanding the battery, an Indo-Chinese. "My God," said Perrott-White, "they're Americans." No one else had ever seen the American white star insignia. "You're crazy," said the captain, "the Americans would never attack us." And he ordered the battery to keep on firing.

Perrott-White went back to his OP. Just as he got there, our second wave of assault boats was coming into shore. Directing the fire, he made sure to place all the battery's shells to the right and over the landing craft. At 1000 hours the firing ceased and a jeep came ashore carrying a flag of truce and Col. Craw, for whom Craw Field at Port Lyautey was later named. Perrott-White ran out to meet the colonel and gave him directions to the French commanding officer's headquarters.

"Blimey, you're a Limey," said the colonel. "I need someone like you. I'll see you later." But Col. Craw never came back. He was accidentally killed by machine-gun fire down the road, and the battle went on for three days more.

PERROTT-WHITE refused to fight against the Americans after the Craw incident. The battery commander, who was an old friend of Perrott-White's, then turned his staff car over to the sergeant, and Perrott-White used it as a Red Cross ambulance for the three days of the battle. He drove out into the middle of the fighting to pick up the wounded of both sides. He thus saved the lives of at least two dozen Yanks and Frenchmen. This little job earned him one of his three *Croix de Guerre*. The citation, in his service record, reads: "With courage and calmness during the three days of combat he successfully performed his mission, at all times under the heavy fire of the battling forces."

After the armistice was signed at Port Lyautey, he immediately began to incorporate the French forces into our own fighting machine. Perrott-White was assigned to the 60th U. S. Artillery as an instructor and interpreter for French officers sent over to learn American artillery weapons. He liked American Army life and chow, and after a long process of getting his discharge from the French Army and the permission of the British War Office in London, he enlisted in the U. S. Army at the Atlantic base section in Casablanca. He went through the invasion of Italy with the Fifth Army G-2 and finally in September 1943 became a naturalized American citizen. Moving to the ETO, he replaced a man hurt in the fighting at St. Mere Eglise on D-plus-five and has been in the thick of combat in this campaign ever since.

PERROTT-WHITE was born in London in 1898. His father was a wealthy publican who owned a string of prosperous pubs in the London area. The cafe life didn't appeal to young Alfred, so at the age of 13 he ran away to sea and completed two round-the-world voyages on a four-master, ending up as a second mate.

When the first World War broke out, his skill as a navigator seemed important to the Royal Flying Corps, and he was signed on as a navigator and observer in the old two-place planes. He flew Camels and Spads and SE-5s. Soon he qualified as a pursuit pilot and finished out the war battling in one of the many Allied feuds with Richtofen's Flying Circus. He is credited with the destruction of three enemy planes.

One day Perrott-White was flying his Camel against the circus and got his engine shot up. In spite of that, he brought the ship down and made a forced landing in No Man's Land. As he landed he was thrown from the plane and hurled into a shell hole half filled with water. In the water were the corpses of seven Germans who had been dead for 14 or 15 days. They reeked. Perrott-White tried to get out of the hole, but both his ankles were sprained and he couldn't walk. Not only that, but both sides opened fire on the aircraft and destroyed it. During the shelling, he had to keep ducking his head under the stinking water to keep from being hit.

Four days and four nights Perrott-White sat in that shell hole. Every time he showed his head, the Germans opened fire. There was no food and no drinking water. He began to go crazy from the smell. On the evening of the fourth day, the British counterattacked beyond him. Two litter bearers picked him up and carried him to the rear.

Perrott-White, then a flight lieutenant, resigned his commission in 1919 after a hitch with the Army of Occupation. He tried to go back to sea. But the post-war maritime depression had already set in, and there was no work. One day he showed up at a recruiting office in London and enlisted as a private in the 19th Hussars, a regiment of cavalry going to India to patrol the northwest frontier. He fought the Insurgents in the Khyber Pass, then fought long sieges of malaria and dysentery. Finally he was sent back to England and discharged. The doctors relayed him to the United States for a change of climate.

He had a wonderful time in the States, a factor that led him to join our Army and become a citizen later. He had plenty of money and a motorcycle, so he spent two years just touring around the country. He hit every state and then polished off Central America, Mexico and Panama. After that he returned to England. But again he found that he just couldn't sit around and lead a normal life.

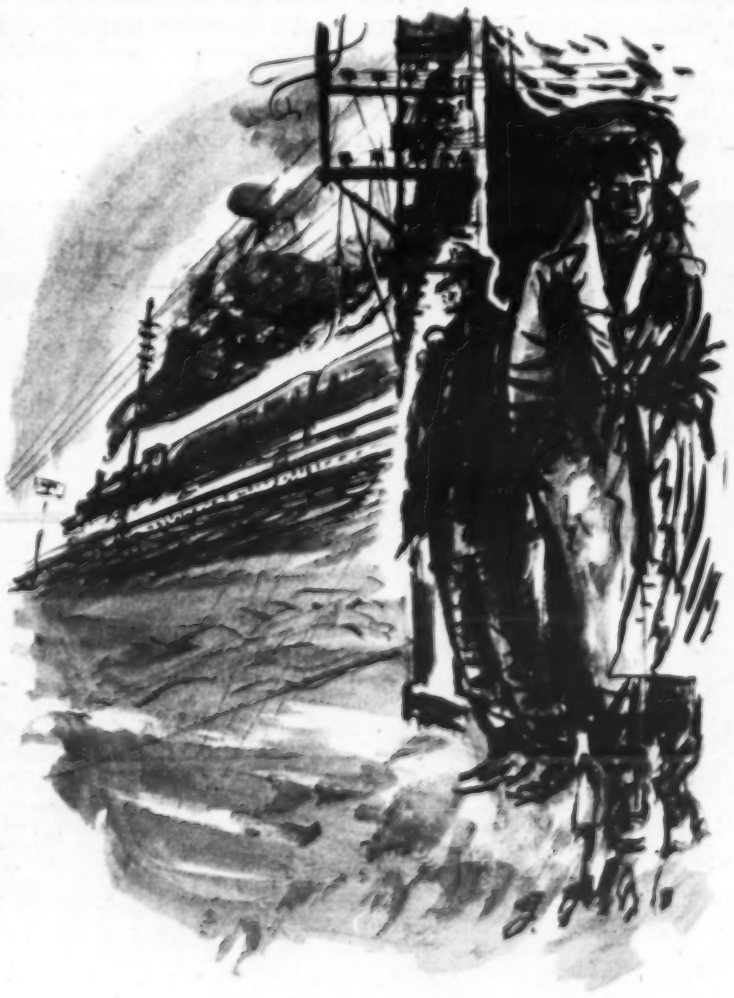
So one day he up and joined the Foreign Legion. One of the most brilliant episodes in the history of the Legion was written during the defeat of France in 1940, and Perrott-White was right in the midst of it. By this time he was a comparatively old man of 42, but it was then that he earned two of his three *Croix de Guerre*.

During the so-called phony-war phase Perrott-White was on patrol with six men between the Siegfried and the Maginot Lines. Suddenly he looked up and discovered that the Germans had made a strong tank advance across the border. The patrol was cut off. Perrott-White gathered the patrol together and worked out a plan to escape. The tanks hadn't spotted them yet, so he and the others dropped to their hands and knees and crawled toward the tanks from the rear. When they reached the tanks, they climbed up on the aprons of the rearmost and dropped fused hand grenades into the slots. Four tanks were blown up that way. In the confusion the other *panzers* pulled back, and Perrott-White and the rest of the patrol escaped to their own lines. That earned him the first of the *Croix de Guerre*.

The second came during the retreat to Dunkirk. Perrott-White was part of the French forces fighting the rearguard action for the retreat. He commanded a suicide squad of four men charged with manning a heavy machine gun at all costs.

The gun was attacked by a strong German patrol and the four men were killed. Perrott-White was wounded in the neck but he managed to stay at the gun. In some way, he kept it in action—loading, sighting and firing by himself. For 15 minutes he held the Germans off. Then he was wounded again and captured. Nobody ever expected to see him again, but he turned up at Lyon weeks later. He and a Polish soldier had escaped from a moving prison train near Sedan. The French authorities scratched their heads, gave Perrott-White a *Croix de Guerre* with a silver star, promoted him to sergeant and sent him back to rejoin his outfit in Africa.

He was captured by the Germans but escaped with a Polish soldier from a prison train close to Sedan.



TODAY Perrott-White goes about his business quietly and professionally, just like the other highly skilled GIs in his section. He is a mild, unassuming little guy with thinning brown hair. Unless he is asked a direct question, he never talks about himself, and, except for the RAF wings and decorations (which he even wears on his combat suit), it is difficult to tell him from the rest. He speaks a half-dozen languages fluently and from time to time gets a chance to demonstrate his soldier's skill. At Mortain, for instance, he drove down a road in a jeep with a lieutenant and looked around to see that a Tiger tank had entered the road behind them. Without hesitating Perrott-White drove the jeep into an open field and neatly maneuvered across the entire field, always just out of range of the Tiger's revolving 88.

When you ask Perrott-White why he still wants to be a soldier at his age, he says at first: "I guess I'm just a 30-year-man at heart." But then he starts talking about his father and six brothers. His father and two of the brothers were killed by the Germans at Mons and Ypres in the last war. Two other brothers were killed by the Germans in France in 1940. The fifth was killed by the Germans in the London blitz. He was an air-raid warden and a bomb blew him to pieces as he was pulling wounded out of a ruined building.

That left just one brother — Bernard, the youngest.

When Perrott-White's outfit recently fought its way through Montcornet, just outside Chateau-Thierry, he stopped off at the English cemetery there to visit the grave of his oldest brother Frank, killed at Ypres in 1915. He found Frank's grave. Then he looked across the row and saw less than six feet away seven new crosses. Out of curiosity, Perrott-White went over. The crosses marked the grave of an RAF Lancaster crew that had crashed nearby. Six of the graves had names. The other was merely marked "Officer Unknown." Perrott-White looked at the names and felt a chill because he knew that the men were all members of his remaining brother's crew.

A week later Perrott-White received a letter from the British War Office—"We regret to inform you that your brother, Bernard, was killed in action over France, July 15, 1943."

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

PADUCAH, Ky.

By Sgt. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK Staff Writer

PADUCAH, KY.—One change in Paducah that hits you right away is that it's a servicemen's town now. You'll remember that Paducah was probably the most unmilitary town in the country. It had no fort or post near, not even a National Guard unit, and the only time you saw uniforms was on Armistice Day or when the recruiting officer stopped by the post office.

Things stayed that way, even through the early days of the draft, until the Army built Camps Breckenridge and Campbell within week-ending distance. It didn't take GIs on those posts long to find this virgin territory.

Now soldiers are all over the place, with a sprinkling of sailors and marines on leave. On week ends MPs and SPs patrol Broadway, and Paducahans don't even turn when a uniform passes.

To entertain these visitors the city operates what it declares to be the best USO service club in western Kentucky. It's in the old Montgomery Ward building at 219 Broadway and it offers meals and 75 beds for overnighters in addition to the usual reading, writing and rug-cutting. Many Paducah girls have signed up as junior hostesses and dance, play checkers or just sit and talk with the customers. Distant Paducah men needn't be too alarmed, however, because the club has the usual rule against dating off the premises.

Wives of Paducah servicemen away in the States or overseas seem content just getting together and swapping news about their departed husbands. Some of them have formed an organization known as the War Widows, which meets regularly for rummy games, luncheons or a few beers.

AFTER you've been here some time, another change becomes evident: there are a great many new civilian faces. Most of them belong to people who have come here to work for the big Kentucky Ordnance Works. Its sprawling buildings, wire fences and armed guards have changed the looks of the countryside out around Woodville. KOW is working full blast now, using most of its 16,000-acre reservation to turn out tons of TNT for bombs and shells on every front. Some of KOW's TNT is probably used over in Graves County near Viola where the Government has a big plant for loading 20-mm shells.

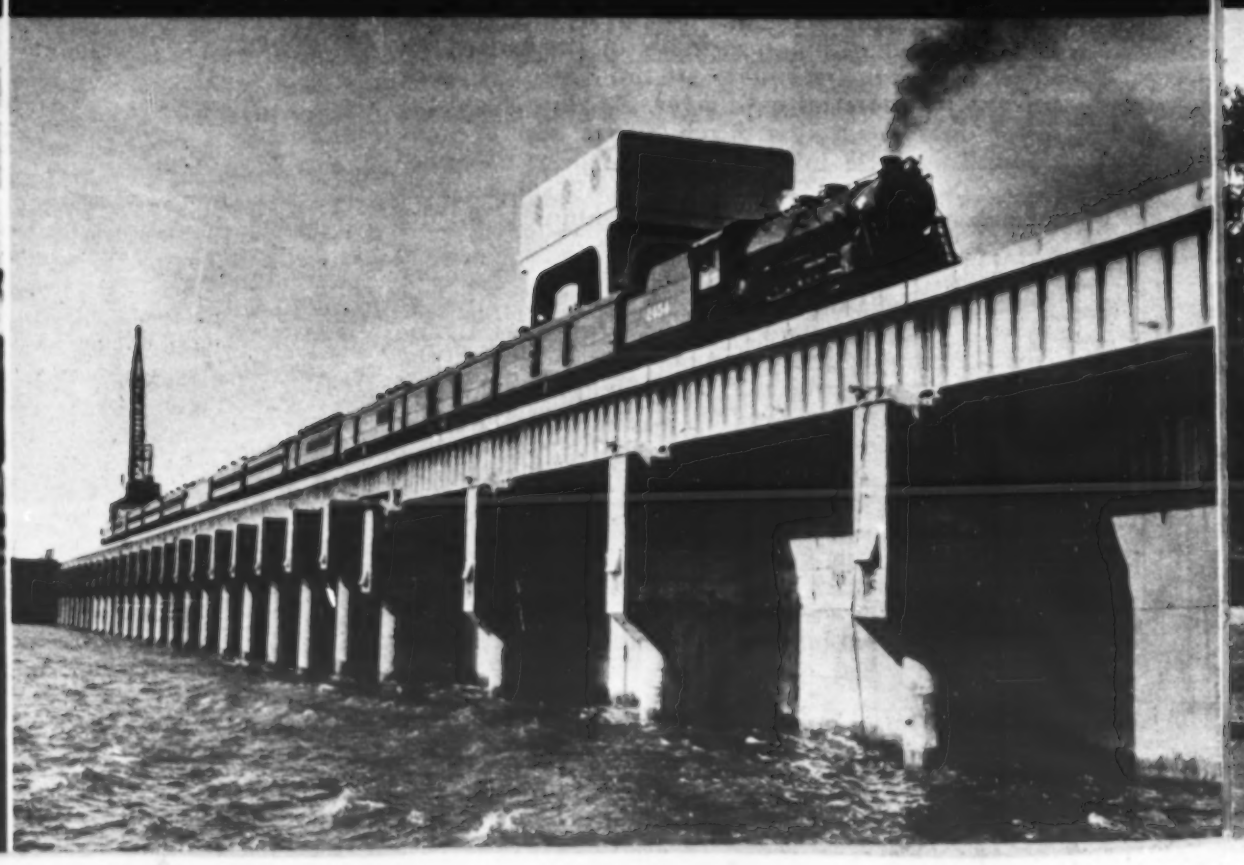
At Gilbertsville the TVA's $112-million Kentucky Dam has at last stretched across the Tennessee River and now backs up what will become the largest artificial lake in the world. Inhabitants have long since moved out of the farms and crossroads villages which the lake will soon cover.

Although there is some work to be completed, the dam's generators are producing power for Murray, Ky., and Martin, Tenn. Aside from being a power storehouse, the 185-mile-long lake will provide fishing and boating facilities never before dreamed of in McCracken County. Paducahans have begun to line up for cottage and boathouse sites along its shores, and hope that the Government will let them buy TVA's excellent portable houses as soon as the dam workers and their families are through with them. Latest portion of the dam to be completed was the railroad track across the top, which carries the Illinois Central's *Irvin S. Cobb Limited* to Louisville. Gov. S. S. Willis headed a group of dignitaries who came down to Gilbertsville recently to commemorate the first train crossing. It was the final run for L. L. Cofer, veteran Paducah engineer, who was retired after 61 years of service with the IC.

Paducah's 12-mile-long floodwall, under construction since the Ohio nearly wiped out the city in 1937, has finally been completed, but the project hit a snag recently when WPB turned down a request for machinery to go in the wall's pumping stations. Now the city has a barrier between it and the river but no way to pump out the water that backs in through sewer and stream outlets whenever the river goes to flood stage and over.

One pumping station did get under the wire—a large one where the wall crosses Island Creek—and the engineers are still at work on this in-

Phyllis Albritton and Hal Hester cut a rug in Teen Town, new center for younger set. Teen Town is in Rogers' old grocery store at Broadway and Twelfth.



The first train puffs across the top of the Kentucky Dam. Newly completed, it is the largest dam in the entire TVA system and is situated at Gilbertsville, Ky.

stallation. They've moved 98,000 cubic yards of earth to run the floodwall over the old creek bed, removing one of Paducah's most picturesque sights —the large shanty-boat colony which for years had tied up at the creek's mouth. Now Island Creek's volume of water flows through concrete passages under the floodwall in normal times and is pumped over the wall during high water.

The floodwall has made a change in the town. When you make the drag down Broadway, the tall concrete wall running parallel to First Street blocks out the old view, and you get your only glimpse of the Ohio through the narrow gate at the foot of the street. From the river the floodwall makes Paducah look like a fortified town, but the whole effect is a cleaner water front, especially since the U. S. Engineer Department riprapped the bluff near Broadway with white stone.

DESPITE all the activity and new faces, Paducah's night spots have dwindled to almost nothing. The old familiar bars and beer joints are still open, but it's often a problem to find a place for an evening of dancing. Mac & Mac out on the Cairo road is running only on week ends, and Bichon's Inn was never rebuilt after it burned several years ago. The Hotel Irvin Cobb roof isn't open because they need to brace the girders and can't get material priorities, and the Twinkling Star is now firmly in the grip of the bobby-socks crowd. Voor's beer garden over on Twelfth and Harrison has expanded all over its corner lot and is taking care of all the dancers it can handle.

Many Paducahans are taking advantage of the newly freed Paducah-Brookport bridge to visit night spots of Little Egypt in southern Illinois.

Paducah's teen-agers have the first spot they can call their own in Teen Town, a coke-juke spot set up in a move to provide wholesome entertainment for the city's adolescents in the old Philip Rogers grocery store at Twelfth and Broadway. After school hours and on Friday and Saturday nights, the place is full of coke-drinking, jitterbugging high- and junior-high-schoolers.

Patrons of curb-service stands have to serve themselves if they want beer; there's a new law prohibiting minor-age carhops from handling alcoholic beverages. Boys and girls who serve the curb trade may bring out cokes and sodas, but the customer has to bring the beer out to the car. Some proprietors won't allow beer to leave their premises for fear it may go to an adolescent waiting in a car outside.

Paducahans are getting to know the off-brand cigarettes with which overseas soldiers were plagued for so long, as the city tussles with the new shortage of leading-brand fags. Dealers keep their meager supply of "big four" brands hidden under the counter and display them only a package at a time. With liquor it's the usual story: the bars stay comfortably stocked.

Returning servicemen find that one old Paducah institution hasn't changed in the least—its barbecue. Juicy hunks of pork and mutton still drip over the hickory embers and the flavor is the same as it was five or even 25 years ago. The counters of Price's, Slim's, the White Owl and other old-time stands are lined with visiting soldiers who agree that Paducah is the U. S. barbecue capital.

A sprinkling of handlebar mustaches, five- and 10-gallon hats and high-heeled boots was brought to Paducah a few days this fall by foxhunters from 30 states who came to attend the National Foxhunters Association's annual meet. They jumped enough foxes to make the meet a success and only got sidetracked once by a rabbit.

Wayne Seaton is the present mayor of Paducah. He took office in January 1944

Miss Era Deboe, for 25 years a teacher in Paducah, is still giving out knowledge to her 10-B geometry class

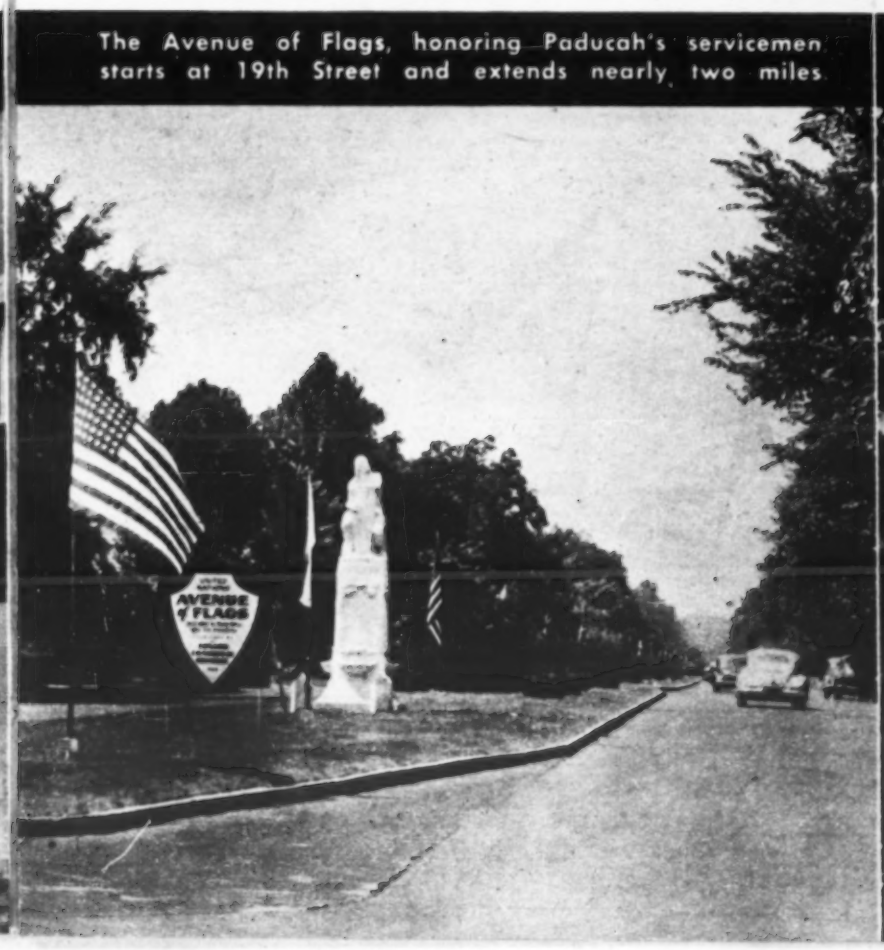
Two old-timers talk over the day's foxhunt. This was during annual meet of National Foxhunting Association held in town

Police Chief W. E. Bryant is nation's heaviest, tips scales to over 300 pounds

PADUCAH buried her most noted son, Irvin S. Cobb, in a large plot in the center of Oak Grove cemetery, observing every one of the requests set forth by the humorist in his much-publicized last letter. With his family and close friends around the grave and as hundreds of Paducahans looked on, a Negro choir sang his favorite spirituals while the marble box containing his ashes was buried near a dogwood tree just as he requested in his will.

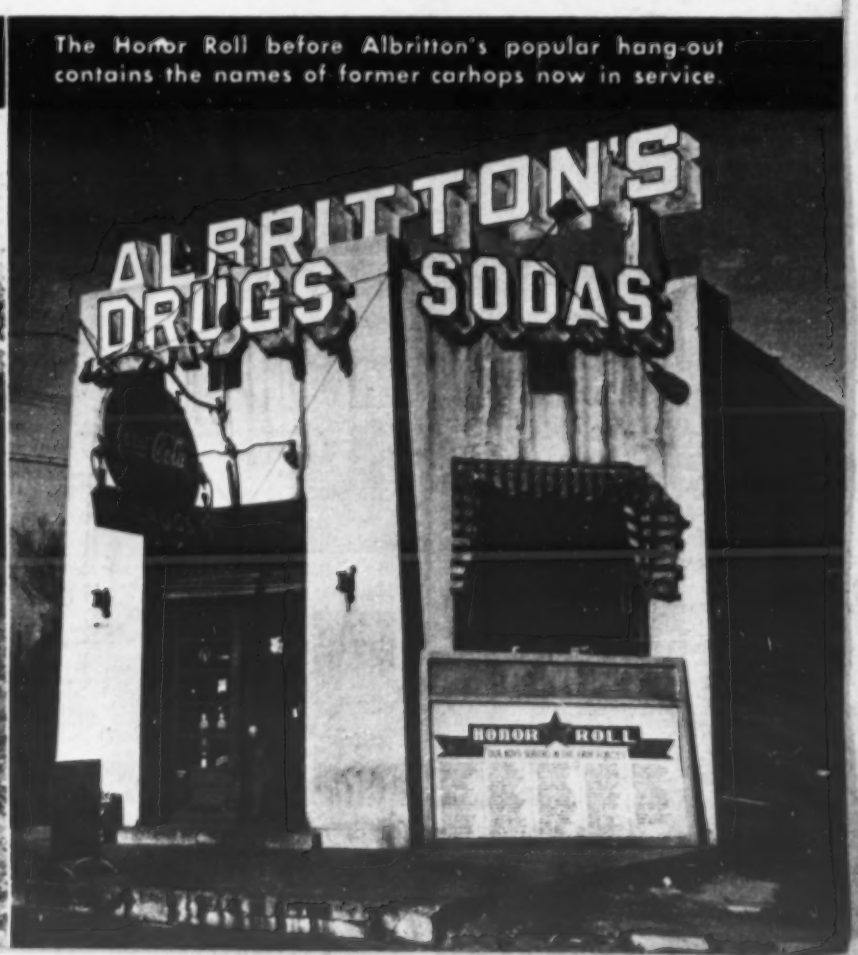
At least one hero has returned: Lt. Comdr. Joe Clifton, once a football star at Tilghman and the Naval Academy and now a Navy ace who has flown and fought over most of the Pacific fronts. The city gave him a greeting at the airport, a parade down Broadway and changed the name of Twenty-eighth Street between Jefferson and Park Avenue to Joe Clifton Drive.

But Paducahans are being reminded—almost daily now—that many heroes won't get to come back, as the *Sun-Democrat* carries the War Department announcements of home-town boys killed or missing in action.



The Avenue of Flags, honoring Paducah's servicemen starts at 19th Street and extends nearly two miles

At Irvin S. Cobb's own request, a dogwood tree is the only memorial above his grave



The Honor Roll before Albritton's popular hang-out contains the names of former carhops now in service

MANPOWER STILL COUNTS IN A MECHANIZED ARMY. A DETAIL OF GIs PULL A FIELD ARTILLERY TRAILER ACROSS A RIVER BY CABLE ON THE NORTHERN ITALIAN FRONT.

A FIFTH ARMY SOLDIER KEEPS HIS TOMMY GUN TRAINED ON THREE SURLY LOOKING

ITALIAN PARTISANS, INCLUDING WOMEN, HELP THE FIFTH ARMY ON ITS WAY. THESE PARTISAN FIGHTERS WORKED WITH SOUTH AFRICAN UNITS TO FREE TOWN OF PISTOIA.

The FIF

Mars' main spotlight in E
But the front in Italy
combat front of tough

A TANK DOZER CLEARS DEBRIS LEFT BY BOMBS AND SHELLS FROM A THOROUGHFARE IN ITALIAN TOWN.

SIR YADAVINDER SINGH, MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA, VISITING INDIAN GIs, WITH LT. GEN. MARK W. CLARK.

YANKS CARRY FOOD TO THE FRONT ON THEIR BACKS. PVT. ALBERT CAPALBY RESTS FOR A MOMENT IN THE APENNINES.

LOOKING GERMAN PRISONERS. THE NAZIS WERE CAPTURED IN A TANK ADVANCE IN ITALY."

IFTH ARMY

in Europe is on the fighting in Germany.
taly, though less publicized, is still a
gh enemy opposition and rugged terrain.

BRITISH FIRE FROM HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ARTILLERY LIGHTS UP THE SAN BENEDETTO AREA AT NIGHT. IT HELPS CLEAR A WAY THROUGH GERMAN LINES FOR THE INFANTRY.

WHEN THERE ISN'T WINTER SNOW TO COPE WITH, THERE'S MUD LIKE THE THICK GUMBO THAT BOGS THE PROGRESS OF THIS JEEP CONVOY IN THE MOUNTAINOUS SARSIANO AREA.

A TANK TRAP SOUTH OF FUTA PASS IN THE GOTHIC LINE GETS A GOING OVER BY SOME GIs. THE DEEP TRENCH HAS REVETMENTS OF LIGHT BRUSH AND HEAVIER LOGS.

THIS IS THE OVERGROWN, ROCKY REGION OF THE GOTHIC LINE. TROOPS OF THE 363D REGIMENT, 91ST DIVISION, CARRY RATIONS NORTH TO COMBAT UNITS.

MAIL CALL

Navy Uniform

Dear YANK:

There are literally thousands of us sailors who heartily agree with William Rand SK1c about the uniform of the enlisted men of the Navy. Even a buck private in the Army or Marines can wear a dress uniform which is as neat and mannish as the one worn by his highest officer, but these sad sacks they furnish us are a disgrace to any man serving his country.

Another thing lots of us cannot understand is why even a third-class mess cook is permitted to wear the same uniform as a chief petty officer, while a first-class gunner's mate with 30 years' sea duty is forced to wear the same pajama suit as an apprentice seaman

Philadelphia, Pa —RALPH W. GILBERT MoMM3c

Dear YANK:

...I think that the Navy uniform is the main distinctive difference between the Navy and any other fighting force. Who cares what its origin may be? It has been made sacred by the men who have fought and died in it. Take away our uniform and you might as well make Army, Navy and Marines the same and throw all traditions away.

...Whether it was so designed or not, the Navy uniform reflects the spirit of the Navy. It is informal, carefree, gay and sporty, and I might tack on a string of other adjectives. It is that thing called "color" which makes baseball teams precious to their fans.

I say let's keep our uniform and be proud of it. Let those without mock us if they wish, but sailors, never! I would as soon change outfits as uniforms.

Farragut, Idaho —CHESTER J. HEWITT S1c

Dear YANK:

May I repeat what the different parts of the uniform signify?

The hat is copied from the hat of a mandarin of China. The three stripes on the collar of the jumper represent the three great sea victories of Adm. Nelson. The black kerchief is a sign of mourning for Adm. Nelson. The 13 buttons of the trousers represent the original 13 colonies.

Bell bottoms were a convenience when early seamen scrubbed decks and have been carried down through the present day....

Boston, Mass. —EUGENE C. CAMPBELL SC2c

Dear YANK:

...Why can't we have something like the Coast Guard? They have a uniform which is modeled from our own chief petty officer's uniform....

A man who is over 25 years of age feels very ill at ease when he walks down a street with the large black neckerchief around his neck and an ice-cream hat set squarely on his head. This may be all right for a 17-year-old sailor, although I've never heard one who thinks so.

Livermore, Calif. —CHARLES J. COLLINS JR. AerM3c

Dear YANK:

...If the Navy persists in having us run around in a young girl's middy, we may well expect the Government to issue us skirts any day now.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —JAMES J. McKITRICK ARM3c*

*Also signed by Richard D. McCotter ARM3c and Alan G. Nelson ARM3c.

Dear YANK:

That outrageous beribboned, becollared, bebuttoned insult is our uniform, and we're pretty damn proud of it....

Banana River NAS, Fla. —J. C. REEMS JR. ARM1c*

*Also signed by five others.

Dear YANK:

...If this SK1c wants a change of uniform, why don't he hurry up and make chief? Then we would all be happy.

FPO, New York, N. Y. —GEORGE F. BRENTON AOM3c

YANK Profits

Dear YANK:

Just as a matter of curiosity, what happens to YANK's sales profits?

Fort Bliss, Tex. —Cpl. A. K. GEHRINGER

■ Most of YANK's income buys equipment for new operations, such as the printing and distribution center now being set up in a forward area of the Pacific, and pays for the editions which are not self-supporting.

The Lieutenant Sees Red

Dear YANK:

Today I came across a beef in YANK that made me see red. Namely, the beef from the poor little GI who simply can't see why the big bad second louey over him is paid for the accrued leave he hasn't taken when he leaves the Army. Naturally he makes no mention of the fact that he gets 15 days' travel time. We get 10 days and no travel time. Where he is getting his every six months, I get mine once a year. And he beefs.

Like a lot of other officers, I live on the West Coast and am stationed on the East Coast. In order to get home and back in 10 days I have to fly. This costs me plenty—more by far than the Army will pay me when this mess is over. And he has the nerve to beef. It is guys like him that make SBs out of guys like me.

And while I'm at it, I might add that I don't like YANK's policy of printing every article that deals with the dirty nasty ex-shoe clerk who grinds the very brilliant but misplaced private down but who, in the end, is foiled by the private and made to appear foolish before the entire outfit. I worked plenty hard for these bars and wings, and I resent nasty cracks about them, in jest or not. I suppose this little missile, following YANK's usual policy, will drift gently into the waste basket, while some poor GI whose second louey put him on KP twice in six months will take first place under the heading *Mail Call*.

Lakeland, Fla. —2d Lt. FRED L. CRISMAN

"A $1,000 Bill"

Dear YANK:

Your article, "A $1,000 Bill," gave me great stimulation and I wish to express my gratitude to you for contributing to the GI's stock of understanding of the fundamentals, not only of this war but of civilized living. Considered with your article on "American Superiority," this present effort on your part to inculcate tolerance and a basic perception of the complexities of our culture is most commendable. I trust this small appreciation, combined with that of others, will help you to know what a large proportion of your readers, at least, want to see in print.

Truax Field, Wis. —T/Sgt. GEORGE T. MATTHEWS

Dear YANK:

Congratulations on your very fine editorial, "A $1,000 Bill." So much bad taste and infantile ballyhoo are thrown at us these days that I for one feel there is a real chance for the issues of this war to be disguised. They are hidden by stories in picture magazines purporting to show that the average civilian spends his "week ends in the country, days at the track and winnings at night clubs." They are composed by labor-baiting, race-baiting, Red-baiting feature articles in our daily papers and by incessant sneers at our democracy and our democratic leaders by the highest-paid radio commentators and most widely read news magazines.

It is good to see YANK make a vigorous attempt to counter these lies and red herrings.

Memphis, Tenn. —T-4 CHARLES T. WALTON

Origin of the Species

Dear YANK:

Just before I came into the Army my papa took me aside and told me where babies came from. I was quite surprised and shocked but really, in a way, quite thrilled. Now what I would like to know is where the hell officers and sergeants come from.

Frankly, YANK, I am troubled. In the more than 30 months I have been in service, I have never seen a guy go to OCS from any outfit during the time I was connected with it. I have never seen a guy made any kind of sergeant. I have never seen a guy made corporal. And in my feeble brain there sometimes lingers the suspicion that this Army is in the hands of enemy agents.

To be sure, way back in basic, I did see one (1) pfc who was a member of the original cadre make T-5. But since he was the only guy I have ever seen make a rating, I sometimes suspect it was mostly a bit of subtle subterfuge by the fifth-columnist ruling clique to throw us privates off guard. Once when I was in a cadre pool, I did see a guy take off for West Point. But I have been to enough Army schools to know that by the time that guy gets through they'll be graduating them pfcs from the Point.

If you have the time I wish you would find where all these saboteurs who clutter up my life come from.

Hawaii —Pfc. C. R. McMANUS

Flying Courses

Dear YANK:

Why not give a course in flying to the men awaiting demobilization immediately following the war? The instructors would be the pilots and trained personnel of the Air Corps. We would not be $10,000 pilots, but at the end of a two-month period of instruction we would be licensed flyers.

Think of the post-war possibilities of employment and manufacturing following such a program: several million flyers who wish to purchase cheaply made airplanes, factories working three shifts, air-motive maintenance garages and long-dormant real estate turned into community landing strips.

Netherlands East Indies —Pvt. ACE H. DIBBLE

Fiction in Wartime

Dear YANK:

It is time that someone told our patriotic writers that some of us GIs don't like the Army. The radio serials, the movies and the newspaper and magazine stories would have the reading public believe that every young man is just crazy about Army life.

If the young male in the story hasn't already enlisted (usually he enlists Dec. 8, 1941), he's very bitter about not getting drafted. He hates to be a civilian making $150 a week and curses the medical officers who rejected him. His ailment of course is indefinite and doesn't render him less attractive to the girl. Personally, I didn't see any such rejections at Grand Central Palace. Also the rejectees I have seen haven't shed tears when turned down.

The writers work it differently if the hero is already in the Army. If he has been in combat, been wounded and in general gone through hell, he's dying to get back to that muddy foxhole, just can't wait till he leaves his cuddlesome wench and the other comforts of civilization. If he's up for a CDD (with at least three big-time jobs waiting for him), he's grief-stricken.

If the soldier in the story has a nice soft job in a service outfit in the States, he's busting a gut trying to transfer to the Infantry. Never yet has the gent in the story decided that he has a pretty good proposition and will sit tight until ordered elsewhere.

Now, don't get me wrong. It is commendable to be anxious for the fight. I'm only saying there aren't so doggoned many anxious guys as the writers would have one think. Otherwise why did they have to draft us? The stories could be a little more realistic. Just once in a while let's have a veteran who is tickled pink when he gets his honorable discharge.

Letterman General Hospital, Calif. —Sgt. KIRK FARIS

Nonwriting Dogs

Dear YANK:

It is a damn tough job to give away the dog you loved to the K-9 Corps. It is like sending one of your family away. And what thanks do we get? A few articles in the paper saying the K-9 Corps is doing a bang-up job and, if you write inquiring of your dog, a mimeographed letter telling you not to write as the dog's whereabouts and activities are hush-hush, and that they have no facilities to answer all the letters and investigate the condition of your dog.

The last stipulation is very true, but there is a simple solution to this problem. If a soldier can write from his post, why not a dog? It would be easy to attach the owner's name to the record accompanying the dog. It would be easy for the handler of the dog to drop a card or letter every couple of months telling about your dog. I seriously think a little consideration is due us, especially when such can be done without any expense or great trouble to the Army.

Gold Coast —S/Sgt. R. S. SWING

Civilian Life

Dear YANK:

A friend and I were discharged from the Army in August for rheumatic fever. "Oh, boy," we thought, "we are free; we can live our lives the way we want to." But when we went home, what fun we had! All the girls were engaged to soldiers, going out with soldiers or waiting for soldiers. Every time we passed a soldier in the street we felt shabby and shy, as though we had pulled a dirty trick.

No, no one says "4-F," which we aren't, but some of them look the words. If they don't look as if they feel that way, we feel even more shabby at their magnanimity. It's rather tough to leave all the guys you like and become a civilian. It's not much fun wanting to dive under the nearest car when you see soldiers. Other soldiers don't realize that you did all you could.

It's fine being a civilian, but I'm going to join the American Field Service (which is all I can get into) and be happy as a goldbrick until the war is over.

Sanibel Island, Fla. —WILLIAM WHITMAN

Wholesome Pin-Ups

Dear YANK:

A bouquet of roses to you for your excellent choice of Betty Jane Graham as a pin-up girl. . . . She struck me as being a typical American girl with the kind of beauty that every man dreams about.

I may be sticking my neck out and letting myself in for a lot of squawks from a million other servicemen but I'll take that risk. I'm just a bit tired of looking at a lot of sexy leg pictures of pin-up girls and prefer more wholesome pictures such as that of Betty Jane Graham.

I'm not suggesting that you stop using sexy pictures. Just give the rest of us a break by choosing pin-up pictures like that of Miss Graham more often.

Italy —Sgt. JOHN F. URWILLER

No Underground

Dear YANK:

What do you say that we add a paragraph to that unconditional surrender—that we don't permit our enemy to have any buildings underground, not even subways, as we all know these barbarians can't be trusted? Let's make their home ground our training center for our youths. Let's patrol it instead of having a WPA. One year for a high-school graduate will not hurt him, and a few cents' tax pay deducted every pay day for our security will not break anyone. Those in favor will signify by saying "aye."

Hawaii —Pvt. GEORGE ELIAS

What does it cost to be nice?

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN

THERE are two things you would have to know about Eddie Green if you wanted to understand him: he was supply sergeant for a headquarters outfit and he had been in Egypt too long. The first was bad enough, but frying in the desert for two years doesn't exactly improve the disposition. I am not trying to excuse Eddie and there are probably other things you would have to know, but those two were important. I got along with him all right, even if he wasn't very popular with the rest of the outfit. I guess supply sergeants never are.

We were better off than most QM outfits in the Middle East. We were stationed at a camp outside Cairo, which meant someplace to go at night and Sundays. Eddie and I met a couple of girls at a Red Cross dance and got to know them pretty well, if you know what I mean. They were sisters, Greek or Syrian or something like that. Eddie thought they looked dirty, but they looked all right to me. They lived in a suburb of Cairo called Maadi. Their father was off somewhere and they lived with their mother. She was better looking than either of them, and once Eddie made a pass at her but couldn't get anywhere. We went out to Maadi every Sunday and picked up the girls and took them back into town. There wasn't much to do, but we'd go to one of the crummy restaurants and then dancing at Groppi's or the Red Cross, if they had a dance. It wasn't too bad. It was better than being in Suez or one of those places.

Sundays were always the same. We took the bus from camp into town right after noon chow and then grabbed a train out to Maadi. It was a 20-minute ride from Bab-el-Louk station. The train was always crowded and smelly, but interesting. It was full of all different kinds of people, and it was interesting to look at them and try to figure out where they came from. Eddie didn't think it was interesting. I guess he thought that anyone who didn't come from America wasn't worth looking at.

On this Sunday the train was even more crowded than usual. It was full of soldiers—Tommies and New Zealanders and South Africans and even a few Australians. The day was hot and the train stank. We first got seats next to an Arab woman nursing a kid, right out in the open like that, but Eddie wouldn't stay there so we moved down the car and sat next to a couple of Kiwis.

There were a lot of colored troops in the car. There were East Africans and West Africans and Sudanese. They weren't big guys, but they certainly were built. Some of them were drunk.

There was one guy in particular, a short friendly looking guy with a flat nose that didn't seem to have any bone at all. He was very black and he was feeling very good. He was drunk, but happy drunk. He walked up and down the aisle after the train started, bumping into people and smiling at them and apologizing with a big bow that bumped him into more people. Nobody seemed to mind. Everyone smiled back at him. Everyone, that is, except Eddie. Eddie just looked at him.

This colored guy seemed to make everyone in the car feel good. He walked up and down the aisle for a while, singing. His voice was high, almost like a girl's, and he had a funny accent you couldn't put your finger on. He sang high up, like a flute. He didn't have any real song to sing, but just kept repeating the same line over and over again.

"I'm a free-born lonely soldier," he sang. "I'm a free-born lonely soldier." Maybe there were more words, but I couldn't catch them.

He sang this for a while and everyone seemed to like it. Some of his friends tried to stop him and get him to sit down, but he shook them off and went right on singing. Once he stopped by the Arab woman and sang softly to her baby. After a while he stopped singing and began to play a kind of game. He started at one end of the car and went from soldier to soldier, asking them questions. He would stop by one and look at him closely and then ask: "Did I see you at Alamein? Did I see you at Tobruk?"

Practically all the soldiers had been in the desert, the Tommies and New Zealanders and South Africans, and they would answer him seriously, "Yes, you saw me at Alamein" or "You saw me at Tobruk." The colored guy was wearing a desert combat decoration himself, and when he got an answer he nodded slowly and then went on to the next man. Once an Australian soldier said that he hadn't been seen anywhere, he was a noncombat man, and the colored guy patted him on the shoulder and said that was all right, he would see him somewhere else, there were many places to be seen.

He asked them all, even his own friends whom he should have known about. Eddie and I were the only Americans in the car. The colored guy stopped when he came to us and looked us over very carefully. Then he concentrated on Eddie, who was sitting on the aisle, and looked him up and down. Eddie was all dolled up and wearing his ribbons, the Good Conduct and the Pre-Pearl Harbor ribbons and the ladder he got for throwing grenades back at Fort Robinson. The colored guy was really impressed. He clucked his tongue and turned to the whole car and said admiringly: "Americans! Look, they are Americans!" He turned back to us and said wisely: "They are good people, the Americans. Their planes very good. Their tanks very good."

Then he turned directly to Eddie, putting his hand on Eddie's shoulder, and said earnestly: "Where have I seen you before? Have I seen you at Derna? Have I seen you at Tobruk?"

"Get out of here," Eddie said.

"Have I seen you at Tripoli?" the guy said.

"Get out of here," Eddie said again.

The whole train was quiet. "Where have I seen you?" the colored guy asked. He didn't seem to understand. He still had his hand on Eddie's shoulder. He looked at Eddie's ribbons and asked, interested: "Did you get those at Alamein? Did I see you at Alamein?"

"Take your hands off me," Eddie said.

Then he turned directly to Eddie. "Where have I seen you before?"

The guy didn't move. He stood there, his hand on Eddie's shoulder, smiling a little, not seeming to understand. Everybody in the car was watching us.

"Eddie," I said. "He doesn't mean anything. Be nice to him."

"Why the hell do they let them in the same car?" Eddie said. He wasn't even looking at the guy. I had seen him like this before, when he was drunk.

"Eddie," I said. "What's the matter with you? There are people watching us, Eddie. Be nice to him. What does it cost to be nice to him?"

"Maybe I have seen you at Bengazi," the guy said. He turned Eddie's shoulder to see him better, and then Eddie stood up and said something he shouldn't have said and swung on the guy and hit him on the mouth.

Nobody said a word. The colored guy just stood there, his mouth still smiling, a trickle of blood running down from his lip. Then he shook his head and brought his right arm around, very slowly it seemed, and Eddie fell back against me and then slid quietly to the floor, out cold.

The colored guy stood there, shaking his head as if he was puzzled about something. He didn't look mad or anything, just puzzled. I bent down and tried to pull Eddie back up on the seat, but he was too heavy. I looked around for someone to help me, but no one made a move. They just sat and watched. Nobody was smiling anymore.

YANK FICTION

Photos Developed

Dear YANK:

While serving with the Eighth Air Force I made some combat movies using 16-mm Kodachrome film. In compliance with theater censorship restrictions I sent the film to the Army Pictorial Service for development and censorship. Part of the film was returned and I was happy to find that nothing was cut out.

Since returning to the States I have received the rest of the film undeveloped, with a notice saying that the Army Pictorial Service no longer develops amateur film and that the local PX will handle it. Of course, the PX cannot develop Kodachrome. Is there any place where I can get the film developed?

Miami Beach, Fla. —Capt. WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW

■ You should send your undeveloped film direct, as classified material (under *AR 380-5*), by registered mail to: War Department Representative, Rochester Board of Review, Rochester, N. Y. With the film send a declaration in duplicate stating that it is amateur film taken overseas and that it might contain censorable material. You should request that the film be processed and censored, and ask to be informed how to obtain the film after it has been released.

Point Credit

Dear YANK:

Before being inducted into the Army I spent over a year in the Navy. I enlisted in the Navy in June 1940 and was discharged because of a leg ailment. Later, in 1943, I was inducted into the Army. Will I get point credit for my service in the Navy under the recently announced demobilization plan? Nearly all of my Navy time was spent overseas. Will I get overseas credit for that time?

Italy —Sgt. THOMAS HARRIMAN

■ You will get point credit for your service in the Navy. The points will be given for all service since Sept. 16, 1940. You will get extra points for your overseas service since that date.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Maternity Care

Dear YANK:

My wife is expecting a baby in a few months. She has registered for the maternity benefits and has been getting care from a doctor under the plan. Now I find I may be discharged with a CDD in a few weeks. What worries me is whether my wife will lose out on the medical care after I am discharged. Will she?

Bermuda —Pfc. ALBERT P. SHUSTER

■ She will not. Once the application for maternity care is approved, it is in effect. If the husband is discharged, promoted or anything else, his wife still gets the medical care.

GI Insurance

Dear YANK:

For the last few months I have been trying to find out just how my GI insurance pays off. Some of the boys say it pays my wife $10,000 in a lump sum if I get killed, others say it only pays so much a month. Which is correct and how much would my wife, who is 28 years old, get if anything happened to me?

Marshall Islands —S/Sgt. JOHN H. DREW

■ National Service life insurance does not pay off in a lump sum. Your beneficiary gets monthly payments based on her age at the time of your death. Since your wife is under 30 she would get $55.51 a month for 20 years. If she were 30 or over she would get other amounts based on her age but these payments would continue for the rest of her life.

Disabled Veterans

Dear YANK:

I've read a lot of dope on the free educational benefits for vets, but I have seen very little about the special deal for disabled vets. I am going to be discharged because of wounds, which will leave me with a permanent leg injury. I'll be able to get around, but I sure would like to get a chance to learn to be a civil engineer. I used to be a milkman before I went into the Army but I cannot see much chance of going back to that. My leg will not permit the kind of activity that work requires. Is the vocational-training program for disabled vets still in operation or must I, because I am over 25, be satisfied with only one year of school under the GI Bill of Rights?

Britain —Pvt. SAMUEL F. GREENE

■ Since you have a service-connected disability you may be entitled to the special vocational training and rehabilitation provided for such vets. Under that program you can get as much as four full years of free schooling and free transportation to the school, and while you are in training your pension will jump to $92 a month if you're single or $103.50 a month if you're married, with $5.75 extra for each of your children. There is also no ceiling on the amount of tuition that the Veterans' Administration will pay under this set-up. You can select either the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights or the vocational rehabilitation program, whichever you prefer.

Overseas Stripes

Dear YANK:

I understand we are entitled to wear an overseas stripe for each six months of foreign service. I spent two months in the guardhouse here in Africa. Will I be able to count that time into my overseas time?

North Africa —Pvt. HARRY D. SMITH

■ Time spent in confinement overseas can be counted toward the six months for an overseas stripe. The only time which cannot be counted is AWOL time or time spent in desertion.

Medal of Honor

Dear YANK:

Will you please settle an argument for me and my buddies? How much extra pay does a GI get who has been awarded the Medal of Honor, and is it true that the payments continue for the rest of the GI's life?

Hawaii —Sgt. STEWART ROLLINS

■ A soldier who has been awarded the Medal of Honor receives $2 extra a month while he is on active service. Thereafter the pay ceases until he reaches his 65th birthday, when he gets $10 a month for the rest of his life.

Campaign Stars

THE WD has added six battles and campaigns to the battle-honors list. Participants in these operations are entitled to wear bronze stars on the appropriate theater ribbons:

Rome-Arno. Italy, Corsica and adjacent waters from Jan. 22, 1944, to a final date to be announced later.

Northern France. From July 25, 1944, to Sept. 14, 1944.

Southern France. From Aug. 15, 1944, to Sept. 14, 1944.

Germany. Germany and certain adjacent areas in France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg from Sept. 15, 1944, to a final date to be announced later.

Air Offensive, Japan. From April 17, 1942, to a final date to be announced later.

Philippine Liberation. The Philippine Islands and adjacent waters from Oct. 17, 1944, to a final date to be announced later.

Two changes in designations have been announced. The former "Italy" designation has been changed to "Naples-Foggia" and includes service from Aug. 18, 1943 (air) or Sept. 9, 1943 (ground) to Jan. 21, 1944. "Western Europe" has been changed to "Normandy" and includes service from June 6, 1944, to July 24, 1944.

Bronze battle stars for these campaigns may be worn only after the commanding general of the theater or the defense command has informed the units of the battle credits to which they are entitled. Men not attached to units but who have served honorably in the combat zone within the prescribed time limits, also may wear the star.

The 18 battles and campaigns previously on the battle-honor list are Central Pacific, Philippine Islands, East Indies, Papua, New Guinea, Guadalcanal, Northern Solomons, Burma (1942), India-Burma, China, Aleutians, European air offensive, Egypt-Libya, Algeria-French Morocco, Tunisia, Sicily, Mandated Islands and Bismarck Archipelago.

Provision has been made to give battle credit for antisubmarine operations, ground combat or air combat against the enemy in areas and at times not included in this list. These actions will be officially designated later.

Surplus Installations

More than 300 Army posts or portions thereof, comprising 2,786,000 acres of land owned or leased by the WD, have been returned to the original owners, transferred to the Navy and other Government agencies or certified to disposal agencies. The WD points out that this "does not mean that the war is almost over.... It signifies an orderly shift of operations from the defensive of 1942 to the current offensive."

Divisions at Metz

The 26th and 95th Infantry Divisions took part in the heavy fighting around the fortress city of Metz in France.

Known as the Yankee Division because the original members came from New England, the 26th was the first National Guard outfit to go into the battle lines in France in 1918 and stayed under fire longer than any other division except the 1st. Called back into service in January 1941 and reorganized as a triangular division in 1942, the 26th took part in the Carolina and Tennessee maneuvers before shipping out. Maj. Gen. Willard S. Paul is commanding general.

26th

95th

Activated in 1918 and demobilized soon afterward, the 95th was reactivated in July 1942 under Maj. Gen. Harry L. Twaddle and took part in the Louisiana maneuvers before going overseas.

—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"All right, who left the geranium in the pot?"

Jet-Propelled Fighters

Allied aircraft in the ETO have been in action with German jet-propelled fighters on several occasions, according to the AAF and the RAF. The design and operation characteristics of the German aircraft are pretty much what the Allies expected, said the official report. Their speed and rate of climb are high, but they have poor maneuverability. "It must, however, be expected," says the WD, "that increased numbers of German jet-propelled aircraft will appear in service and that they will become more effective as greater experience is obtained." Development of British and American jet-propelled aircraft has made progress and British aircraft of this type have already been successfully employed against the "flying bombs."

3d Armored Division

YANK was in error when it listed Maj. Gen. Leroy Watson as commanding the 3d Armored Division. Commanding general of that outfit on the Western Front is Maj. Gen. Maurice Rose.

Washington OP

How To Stay Warm. The scientists in QMC's Climatology and Environmental Protection Section have given a lot of thought to the cold weather in Europe. Here are a few tips they offer the GI on how to stay warm.

In the first place, they say, a man who is inactive can't keep warm in very cold weather merely by putting on more clothes. The scientific explanation is that when you increase the thickness of your clothing, you increase the area from which you give off the heat you generate, and that the area increases by the square while the thickness doesn't. So by adding clothing you reach a point where you are losing heat to a greater extent than you are getting protection.

Everybody knows that if you wave your arms around and kick your feet and dance, you get warmer. But there are times, such as when you're in a cramped foxhole, when you can't move around much. If you find yourself in such a spot, try tensing and relaxing your muscles without moving. Try all your muscles—stomach, arm and shoulder, leg, etc. If you can brace your back and feet in a foxhole, try pushing against the opposite side of the hole. If you are in the open somewhere and can't move, try tensing your muscles until they almost shake and then relaxing them. Then do it all over again, 20 or 30 times, until your blood pressure has gone up and you are panting. This should make you warm enough to sleep for an hour without noticing the cold at all.

When your clothing is damp, taking it off to hang it up may make it even damper. A combat uniform left in cold, damp air, even when it isn't raining or misting, may pick up one or two pounds of moisture. If you take part of your uniform off, in a cold house at night, it may take you several hours of marching the next day to produce enough heat to counteract what you lose in evaporating the extra moisture your clothes have picked up. In other words, there are times when it is better to keep your damp clothes on.

On the other hand, if you have a chance to hang them near a fire, by all means do it. Clothing that has been thoroughly dried will give one-half to one-third more insulation for the next few hours than clothing that hasn't.

Perspiration serves to keep you cool in the summer but, unfortunately, it works the same way in the winter. If you let a lot of it soak into your clothes, you will get as cold as an icecube when it evaporates. You will be a lot warmer afterwards if you keep your body ventilated while you are working, so that the perspiration evaporates then instead of soaking into your clothes. Open your collar and cuffs and even bare your chest. You won't need the protection from the cold while you are working, because you will be generating heat yourself, and the ventilation will keep sweat from soaking into your clothes. Then when you quit working and button up again, you won't have to spend a lot of body energy evaporating the sweat.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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205 E. 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

TOASTED, NO DOUBT

Alamogordo AAB, N. Mex.—Members of Section E here have added to the variety of their diet. A new rule in their ping-pong games compels the losers to eat the ping-pong ball. What's more, they do it.

The General Wasn't Too Busy

Camp Gordon, Ga.—This story is a popular one among the enlisted men of the 10th Armored Division, of which Maj. Gen. Paul W. Newgarden was commanding general before he was killed in an airplane crash near Chattanooga, Tenn., last summer.

Pvt. Jeremiah Daly, an easygoing GI, is in charge of equipment on the range here. His duties include policing the range and replacing targets and other essential items for units in the field. His constant companion on his lonely vigil has long been a coffeepot in which he makes his daily quota of java. One day this cherished possession fell into the hands of the 10th Armored Battalion, which put it to use as a paste pot for the targets.

Using it for a paste pot was sacrilege enough, but the men of the 10th went even further. They didn't clean the pot out after they were finished with it. And paste in a coffeepot doesn't make coffee come up even to GI standards.

Daly was mad. He went to a battalion second lieutenant and complained. Nothing happened. He went to a first lieutenant. Nothing happened. He went to a captain, but the pot remained full of paste. He went to the battalion major but, like the second louey, the first and the captain, he was too busy to be bothered.

Then Maj. Gen. Newgarden came along. The coffeepot was an important thing in the life of Pvt. Daly, so he voiced his complaint to the general. And the two-star was not too busy to do something about it.

"The coffeepot must be cleaned," he ordered, "and the battalion, enlisted men or officers, will not leave the range until it has been cleaned to the satisfaction of Pvt. Daly." —**Sgt. ETHEL L. CROW**

GI's Story Wins Honor

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Pvt. Sidney Alexander of the AAF Training Command Radio School here achieved one of the top honors for a writer when his short story, "The White Boat," was published in "The Best American Short Stories, 1944," edited by Martha Foley and published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The White Boat," originally published in the literary magazine *Accent*, is a sympathetic portrayal of a Negro maid and her family. The tragic outcome of the story is based upon an actual incident that occurred on the Hudson River Day Line pier in New York City several years ago.

Alexander, whose verse and fiction have appeared in various periodicals, also writes technical features and combat thrillers for the *Polar Tech*, the post newspaper.

Lost Among the Lower Ranks

Camp Lee, Va. — The Camp Lee football team recently played at a Navy base. The night before the game, the Navy athletic officer arranged for the squad to attend a movie in a base theater.

When the show ended a sailor stepped up on the stage and spoke to the audience over the public-address system. "Enlisted personnel remain seated until officers and their guests leave," he announced. This routine was a little strange to GIs familiar with Army movies and their exit policies, but they sat.

Next the announcer called for chief petty officers and their guests to move out. All this was too much for one of the soldiers, and he turned with a surprised look to an apprentice seaman sitting next to him.

"What the hell are you complaining about?" said the sailor. "I've been sitting here for two months waiting to get out of this damn movie."

—**S/Sgt. JIM HAUGHTON**

OBVIOUSLY NO JUSTICE

Fort Dix, N. J.—The lieutenant, calling the roll of the men getting their discharges at the Separation Center here, rattled off the names Lathrop, Thompson, McKeon, etc., and the men concerned answered with their first names. Finally he called "Justice." There was a silence; then Pfc. Ullsberger, a member of the permanent party of the post, spoke up. "There is no Justice," he said.

—**Pfc. WILLIAM CROMBIE**

He Never Used His Grave

Camp Haan, Calif.—T-4 Jesus Carrasco, first cook at the SCU 1967 mess hall, knows what it is to dig his own grave, even though he never had to use it. While he was serving in the Mexican Army, Carrasco was captured by Pancho Villa's men. He was forced to dig a grave but was saved from the firing squad by his age—or lack of it. He was tossed into prison instead.

"Escaping was easy," he recalls, "because the guards had to be constantly looking for food and took long trips through the countryside.

"Gosh, when I think of all those 'battles' I engaged in and the service ribbons I qualified for! Say, I'd rate more campaign stars than Gen. Patton! Was I ever wounded? No, just starved and harassed. And always looking for a hoss."

Carrasco, who was born 47 years ago in Inglewood, Calif., was taken to Mexico by his father when he was a child. He joined the Mexican Army in 1911 and served seven years. He is now on his second hitch in Uncle Sam's Army and intends to stay in this time until he is retired.

—**Pvt. CHARLES B. COMFORT**

Add Daffy Draft Board Doings

Camp Crowder, Mo.—The cycle is now complete. Draft boards used to write to men already in the Army to inform them they had been classified 1-A. Now they are writing to men *still* in the Army about their discharges.

T/Sgt. Floyd C. Dusen, for instance, received the following communication that was forwarded to him from his former address in Detroit, Mich.: "We have been advised that you have been discharged from the armed forces. In order to complete our records, it will be necessary for you to submit a photostatic copy of your discharge."

Dusen replied: "Your letter gave me quite a jolt. I have been for approximately two years on active duty with the Army and, as far as I know, still am. I realize that handling the affairs of so many men must result in confusion. In order that this matter may be put back on a basis understandable to me, how about you mailing me a copy of the discharge you mentioned?"

CAMP NEWS

HOT-SHOT. At Geiger Field, Wash., Civil Air Patrol members get a taste of GI training. Civilian hat and tie give a strange touch to this range picture.

Ex-national ping-pong champ Pvt. Sol Schiff lets a GI friend in on the secret of his winning paddle grip.

Ping-Pong Champ in Army at Shelby

Camp Shelby, Miss.—Pvt. Sol Schiff has been the national ping-pong champion five times, twice a member of the team which won the doubles championship of the world and twice the Canadian champion.

The only reason he did not become as well known as Bill Tilden or Bobby Jones is that the sporting public of this country maintains an attitude of apathy toward ping-pong.

"But that is not the case in Europe," says Schiff, who has toured the Continent four times. "Over there ping-pong is considered a major sport."

Schiff's main efforts lately have been in displaying his skill before soldier audiences. For two years prior to his entrance into the Army, he roamed the country staging exhibitions for the servicemen. Schiff says soldiers are much more appreciative than the usual audiences because the game is emphasized in the Army much more than outside. The future stars of ping-pong, he predicts, will come from the Army.

—**Pfc. BYRON DOWTY**

MECHANIZED WARFARE. Jeeps and seeps, the strange conveyances of World War II, haven't replaced the Model T in the affections of Pvt. William Barton. He drove this one from Charlotte, N. C., to Hendricks Field, Fla.

FAIR FLATFOOT. There are some posts in the country where it's a pleasure to be picked up by the MPs. Such a one is Kelly Field, Tex. There, pretty Wac Pvt. Barbara Helen Denton keeps a gray-green eye out for GI speeders.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Bowie, Tex.—Riding in a jeep, Pfc. Steve (Cakkie) Cakouras of the 496th Armored Field Artillery, 13th Armored Division, stacked up his manly figure in its most commanding pose. Snorted Pvt. Arthur Dierolf, the driver: "What are you trying to do, play you're a four-star general?" Just then two GIs along the road snapped to salute. Cakouras returned the honor. "Yep," he said, "and I think I'd make a pretty good one."

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Housing conditions prompted a lieutenant to insert the following ad in the camp publication: "Ten dollars reward for information leading to renting of a two- or three-room apartment in Morganfield, Ky."

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pfc. Lawrence J. O'Donnell of the Judge Advocate's Office received this phone inquiry from an Infantry trainee: "Can you tell me which office in camp has the most and highest ratings open?" Asked why he wanted to know, the trainee replied: "I'm about through basic and I'd like to get transferred to a place where I can get ahead fast."

McCook AAF, Nebr.—Dynamite, canine mascot of the 1st Squadron, was picked up by the MPs and tossed into the guardhouse. The charge: He wasn't wearing his dog tags.

Camp McCoy, Wis.—Last time T-5 Fong H. Lim and Pfc. Chin Wah saw each other before they met here recently was in Canton, China, in 1929. They're cousins and both migrated to the U. S., but Chin settled in San Francisco and Fong went to New York. Both were inducted into the Army more than two years ago, and they met here as members of the 76th Division. Chin is in Headquarters and Fong is with Company I of the 304th Infantry.

Alamogordo, N. Mex.—The newly organized WAC basketball team is determined not to be outdone by the Second Air Force's football team, the Superbombers. The WAC team has officially adopted the name Superbloomers.

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Students in radio fundamentals at the AAF Training Command radio school here can now tell how "hot" they are as operators. A large thermometer lights up with a student's scholastic "fever" grade after a student has answered 15 true or false questions on the panel of the "Quiz-O-Matic" board. The device was built by S/Sgt. Ernie G. Engels and Sgt. Edward F. De Mott of the Instructional Aids Unit from discarded airplane parts, including a bombardier's bomb-release control.

Kearns AAFORD, Utah—M/Sgt. Clarence A. Perry, a lecturer in the Medical Department here, went on a fishing trip to Puffer Lake, Utah. His catch: A Johnson twin outboard motor.

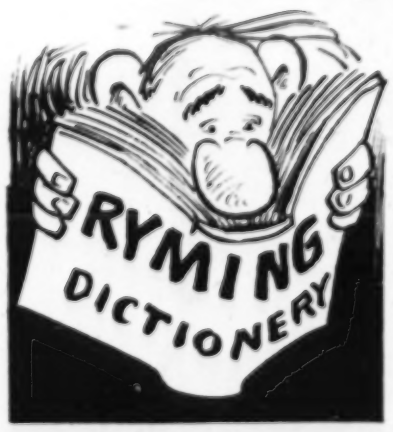
Camp Lejeune, N. C.—Records reveal that 202 members of the Marine Women's Reserve have been married while stationed here. Of these, 143 displayed their good taste by marrying brother Marines, 27 recruited their husbands from the Army, 18 from the Navy and 14 from civilian life. Forty-one Marine brides made sure of their family positions by taking mates they outranked. Three Women Reserve officers married their Marine bosses.

MINIATURE MEDIC. Pfc. Robert Addison of Fort Lewis, Wash., models an inductee in the process of getting a quick shot in the arm.

WIN $500 $100 $50 $25 $10

YANK's GI PARODY CONTEST Offers

War Bond Prizes to 91 Lucky GIs!



HERE'S how you can win a War Bond. Write a GI parody to a popular tune. Just tie your own words, written on a subject of Army life—anything from KP to Commando tactics—to any well-known tune.

Let the words come any way they want to. This is not a contest for professional songwriters; it's for any guy that wants to put a string of words together for a War Bond prize. Maybe you have a favorite song—put some new words to it. Maybe you have a song that drives you nuts—do the same by it. All that is required is that you follow the simple rules outlined below.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: Prize winning parody—one $500 War Bond; five next best parodies—one $100 War Bond each; next 10—one $50 War Bond each; next 25—one $25 War Bond each; next 50—one $10 War Bond each.

This Is a Parody on "MARGIE"

Laundry,
When am I gonna get my laundry?
I'll tell the world I need it—
They left me a-freezin' behind,
My long flannels
Must be comin' back through channels.
Laundry,
My socks are begging,
"Take me off those feet, please do."
So, if Stinky is my name,
Then there's only one to blame,
Oh, GI Laundry, it's you.

●

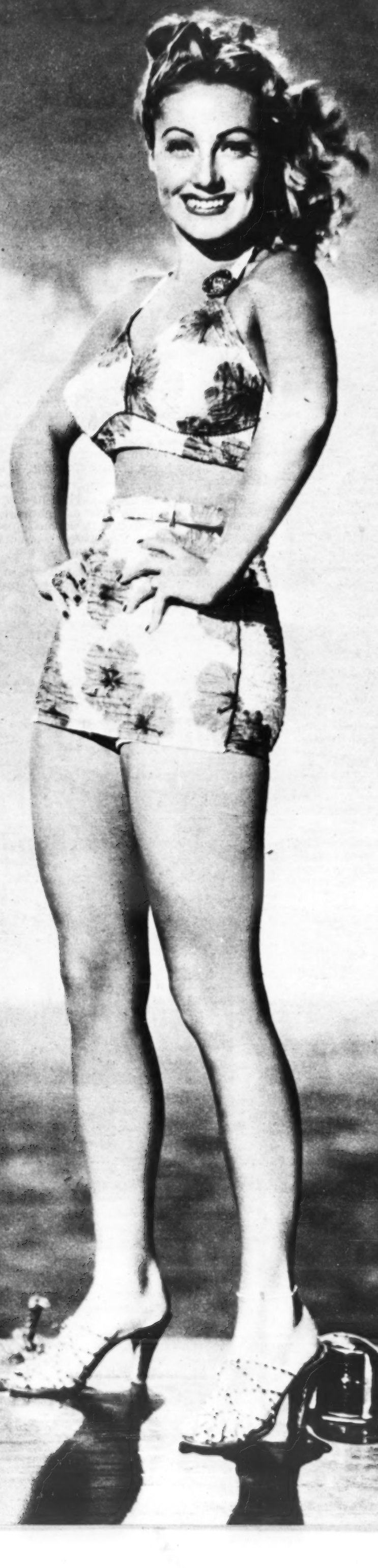
These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; *send only parody and name of song parodied.*
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U. S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U.S.A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U. S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U. S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

Diana Lewis

YANK

Pin-up Girl



What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

DER BINGLE IS BACK FROM THE WARS

HARRY LILLIS CROSBY, alias Bing, Der Bingle and Croz, had some shopping on his mind when he returned to the U. S. from overseas.

"I've got to dig up some whole hominy and a driver," he said.

"Whole hominy and a driver?" I repeated.

The crooner, race-horse owner and Allied propaganda weapon took the pipe out of his mouth and explained.

"Yes. I asked Gen. Eisenhower if there was anything I could send him from home, and he

Crosby tickles a tune box.

told me that it had been so long since he'd had any hominy that he'd love some. Not hominy grits, whole hominy! I don't know where I'm going to get any, but that's what he wants."

"I'll take care of it for you, Bing," said Fred Cosgrove, general manager of a chain of hotels. "Just give me his address.'"

"Who's the driver for?" I asked.

"Well," said Crosby, pushing back his pork-pie hat and making with his arms and hands like a golfer about to tee off, "Gen. Bradley said he didn't get a chance to play any golf, but he'd like to cut a few daisies to keep himself loosened up until he has a chance to try out his game."

"Leave that to me, Bing," said Fred Corcoran, tournament manager of the Professional Golfers Association.

His shopping assignments thus disposed of, Crosby was willing to talk about his trip to England and France to entertain soldiers.

"It was an experience I'll never forget," said Crosby, whose life has been crowded with experiences most people would never forget.

"We had a bunch of paratroopers aboard, and what a great bunch of boys they were. Tough, too. When things got dull they used to thump one another around for the fun of it.

"There was one great big fellow with a square chin and muscles sticking out all over him. He stepped up in front of me, put his chin right in my face and said: 'Sing "White Christmas." Go ahead, sing "White Christmas"!'

"I told him I'd sing it for him when I found me an accordion player. But I kept bumping into him and he kept asking me to sing the song for him. Finally he cornered me one day and asked me again. When I told him it wouldn't sound so good without music, he said, kind of disgustedly: 'Aw, I think you're gone by anyhow. If ya did sing it, chances are ya voice would probably crack.'

"The next time I saw him I put my face in his and sang the song, every note of it. 'How d'ya like that?' I asked.

"'Fair!' he said and walked off."

Bing's next picture scheduled for release is "Road to Utopia," but he talked more about "The Great John L.," the film biography of John L. Sullivan, which is Bing's first offering as a producer. He told his favorite anecdote about Sullivan.

"Shortly after Corbett whipped Sullivan," Bing said, "Jim made a vaudeville tour of the country. When he got to Boston they presented him to an old Irish lady—a friend of John L's who had taken his defeat to heart.

"'Shake the hand of the man who whipped John L. Sullivan,' they said to her.

"Putting both her hands behind her back and with her jaws locked together, she said: 'Ya had little to do, ya did, whippin' a foine man like him!'"

—Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

THERE are only five feet of Diana Lewis—just about the most conclusive proof we know of that good things come in small packages. Diana, who does more for a bathing suit than most girls and vice versa, is married to William Powell. If you are still reading this instead of staring at Diana, you might like to know she works for MGM.

GI GILL. Her civilian name is Martha Wilkerson, but she's Jill when you hear her on GI Jive, the Armed Forces Radio Service program that's beamed daily to GIs at home and abroad.

HOLLYWOOD

Latest cinema stars to be released from the armed forces are Robert Montgomery, John Carroll, Burgess Meredith and Sterling Holloway. Holloway, a comic who toured North Africa, Italy and England as the pathetic-rookie star of the GI show, "Hey Rookies," will return to the films

Jane Russell will appear in her second movie.

with a serious role in "A Walk in the Sun." Robert Montgomery's first picture will be "They Were Expendable" and John Carroll's first will be "Bedside Manner." Burgess Meredith has drawn the part of Ernie Pyle in "G.I. Joe." . . . Howard Hughes, who discovered Jane Russell, starred her in "The Outlaw" and was never able to release that picture because of the Hays office, has lent her to Hunt Stromberg for a starring role in "Young Widow." . . . Frances Langford is touring Stateside hospitals to entertain war wounded and recounting her experiences in "Purple Heart Diary," a syndicated column bearing her byline. . . . Barry Fitzgerald's performance in "Going My Way" has earned him star billing in "Two Years Before the Mast." . . . Columbia has White House approval for an imitation of President Roosevelt's voice and a portrayal of his dog Fala in scenes of "A Guy, a Gal and a Pal." . . . Maxie Rosenbloom's next role will be as Raucous McSlugg, a Times Square twitch, in Sam Goldwyn's "The Wonder Man," starring Danny Kaye.

COAST TO COAST

Philadelphia has gained a reputation as the No. 1 try-out town for Broadway shows. Seven legitimate productions were scheduled to be tested there within two months. . . . The dramatization of "A Bell for Adano" opened in New Haven, Conn., and was to play Boston and Baltimore before its New York premiere. . . . The armed forces have taken 19 boys who have played the various Day children in the New York and road companies of "Life With Father," which, by the way, celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. . . . Road companies of legitimate plays are doing a good business, particularly Paul Robeson in "Othello" and Zasu Pitts in "Ramshackle Inn." . . . After a year in the maritime service, Ted Weems is back leading his new band at the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. . . . "The Ice Follies," now on tour for the ninth season, has a new comedy team, Bill Cameron and Dick Rasmussen, to supplement such old comic favorites as Frick & Frack, Heinie Brock and the Ed Shipstad-Oscar Johnson duo. . . . The Cleveland (Ohio) Arena has signed Hamid-Morton to produce a circus in that sports palace Jan. 7-14. . . . Jeanette MacDonald received favorable notices for her grand-opera debut in one of the title roles of "Romeo *et* Juliet" at the Chicago Civic Opera House. . . . Jimmy Wakely's band is playing at the Casa Manana in Culver City, Calif.

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Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

WE LIVE TO LEARN

Did you know
We wandered today by a creek bed,
You and I,
Along a weed-entangled path?
Murmuring shade of silver elms
And drooping branches of red oak
Concealed and cooled us from the sun.
Silvered water trickled quietly.

After a while we rested
By a grass encircled spring,
Watching butterflies and ripples over rocks,
And puffs of clouds
And etched green leaves against blue sky,
And bees.
A tender breeze,
Warm with midsummer afternoon,
Toe-danced across the fields to kiss us.

In my lap you laid your head,
A piece of grass between your teeth.
"Ah," you said, "this is peace!"
And you sighed and then were silent.
I said, "Yes,"
Thinking you would go to sleep,
For you were tired from our walk.

But you spoke:
"We live to learn,
And thereby comes our universe.
Our wars aren't fought in vain.
By them we grow unknowingly
Into a molding whole.
This war reached out
Encompassing all lands
And people we had never thought of.
We touched them with our culture.
It, too, will flower from this.
With tolerance, perhaps,
Born out of understanding
That association brought us."

I listened quietly,
And watched your face.
You closed your eyes.
"Death can't take our life away.
It is here—
With you, with me, with love," you said.
And I believed you.

Fort Des Moines, Iowa —Pvt. JUDITH BRIDGE

—Pvt. Irving F. Goldstein, SCPC, Long Island City, N. Y.

The Body in the Barracks Bag

By the time Sgt. Hackenschruber was missed, several days had passed. Foul play was not suspected, although it should have been. Someone should have reported that blood was splashed all over his desk. But the men who worked for him were only too happy to clean up the mess and say nothing about it.

In all, three days passed before he was missed. He was suspected of being AWOL and all the local pubs were contacted, but without results. The crime was discovered on Saturday morning during barracks inspection.

"There is a perceptible odor," said the inspecting officer. "I've overlooked a lot when inspecting Hackenschruber's bunk, but blood dripping out of his barracks bag is a bit too much."

On the inspecting officer's insistence, the first sergeant opened the barracks bag. The first thing that met his gaze was Hackenschruber's face.

"Come, come, Hackenschruber," said the lieutenant, addressing the corpse, "this is no time for jokes. Get out of that bag."

"He's dead, sir," said the first sergeant.

"Dead?" said the lieutenant. "Impossible."

"Quite dead," said the first sergeant. "I have rarely smelled anyone deader, sir."

The lieutenant's reaction was immediate and to the point.

"Get Klotz," he said. Who but Klotz could find the key to this macabre murder? The murderer was obviously laughing at the authorities when he concealed the body in Hackenschruber's own barracks bag. Such an attitude is intolerable to any right-minded officer.

Sgt. Klotz made slight clucking sounds as he viewed the cadaver. "Messy, isn't it?" he said, turning a somewhat green smile toward the lieutenant.

"Well, Klotz," said the lieutenant impatiently, "who did it?"

"Sir," Klotz answered slowly, "I will have the guilty man for you by retreat tonight."

"Good," said the lieutenant. "Good." Turning to the first sergeant, he continued: "Let's get on with the inspection. Can't stop the Army every time somebody gets himself murdered."

JAKE KLOTZ, indefatigable and inexorable, went straight to the core of the crime. At Hackenschruber's office he called together all the men who had worked for the late lamented. Concealment of facts was difficult before the cool, inflexible gaze of this GI master sleuth.

"Okay," he said, "which one of you guys stuck Hackenschruber in the barracks bag?"

The effect of his question was electric. The men threw their hats in the air and cheered loudly, but nobody answered the question.

"Men," said Klotz sadly, "you might at least have put oiled paper around the body before you stuck it in the bag."

Cordial, helpful, ready to assist him in almost every way, the men would do everything but confess. Would Jake Klotz have to admit defeat? No. Klotz was always one jump ahead of the provost marshal.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll get a three-day pass for the man who confesses. And, what's more, I'll personally loan him a fin to get tight on."

"A fin," one of the men said pointedly, "is not enough to get drunk on nowadays."

"I'll make it a tenner," Jake said handsomely. "I'm not one to haggle and, considering that it was Hackenschruber, I can guarantee a verdict of justifiable homicide from any court in the country. All right, now, who's going to be the lucky man?"

A small, shy figure shuffled forward. "I'll take that tenner, Sarge," he said diffidently.

"Son," said Klotz warmly, "you'll never regret this. Just sign at the bottom of this confession and we'll go over and see the lieutenant. There's only one thing I'm worried about. You may have to take Hackenschruber's gig for having blood dripping out of his barracks bag."

"Oh, that's okay, Sarge," said the little figure at his side. "I don't mind a little gig."

"TELL me," asked Jake as they walked toward headquarters, "what made you kill him?"

"Why, I thought you knew, Sgt. Klotz," said the little guy. "Nobody killed him. It was suicide. We just cleaned up the mess and stuck him in the

barracks bag because we didn't want him lying around the office."

"Oh," said Jake. And then, after a pause: "Might as well take a look at the bulletin board. Gig list should be up."

It was. Klotz read it aloud: "Grimes, dusty bunk; Pinzo, shoes not shined; Nathanson, generally unsatisfactory; Hackenschruber, body in barracks bag."

"Well," said Klotz finally, "let's just say Hackenschruber's restricted for the week end."

"He won't want to go anywhere," said the little guy, "and everybody'll be satisfied."

"You know," mused Sgt. Klotz, "it's a very neat solution if I do say so myself."

Petaluma, Calif. —Pvt. CHARLES WARD

You Get No Thanks

AN inventor in the Army really has a rugged life. In fact, with the exception of knowing where his next meal is coming from, it's damn near as rugged as an inventor in civilian life.

You get no thanks in the Army. You knock yourself out thinking up things to make Army life more pleasant for the GIs, and what do you get? Nothing, except maybe an extra hitch of KP when you get caught.

I know you've all heard of some of my civilian inventions—such as suits with rubber pockets for people who steal wet tea bags and some others that didn't turn out so well, either. However, since I'm in the Army I have turned from peacetime production to full war production. Following are a few of the knickknacks that bear witness to what I said before—"no thanks":

For truck drivers, a tire gauge to hand to the motor-pool inspectors. It always reads 55 pounds.

A stick, similar to the ones the grocers use to reach the top shelf, for putting unshined shoes and stuff in the attic just before inspections.

Eyeglasses with wide-awake eyes painted on them so GIs can sleep through basic-training lectures. Officers could also use them when giving military-courtesy lectures. They could look you straight in the eye when they come to this part: "Of course, we don't go for this saluting stuff any more than you do, but . . ."

Then there's a bottle top with a nose-clamp attachment for the extract guzzlers.

For top kicks I have a phonograph attachment to the orderly-room door, which shouts, "Goddammit, no!" every time the door opens.

For the casanovas, I have a dog-tag chain with an extra loop for the married boys to hang their wedding rings on before going in town for the week end.

About the most promising so far is a flap attachment for shirts and blouses, with which these service-club commandoes can flick their Good Conduct Medals out of sight when they meet a Purple Heart coming down the street.

I could go on for hours, but what's the use? However, if any one of you guys have a few shekels to spare and would like to back up any one of the above-mentioned — remember they laughed at Christopher Columbus.

Camp Campbell, Ky. —T-5 A. J. BLEISTEIN

MECHANIC

If there's a truck that does not purr
And hit on every cylinder
He does. He works hard—now and then—
By rule of thumb (and he has ten).

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —O/C A. L. CROUCH

SPORTS: MR. JOHNSTON ACQUIRES TWO NEW HEAVYWEIGHTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Mr. Johnston relaxes with a newspaper. Other times he's busy talking.

IN his time, Mr. James Joy Johnston, the licensed Boy Bandit, has managed prize fighters of all shapes and sizes. Some of his better-known horizontal fighters were Phil Scott, Abe Simon and Tony Shucco. The Bandit also had such upright charges as Johnny Dundee, Harry Greb and Mike McTigue.

Just recently, Mr. Johnston added two new heavyweights to his repertoire. One was a plump Argentine named Fernando (the Mighty) Menichelli, whom he hired sight unseen from the want-ad columns of a South American newspaper. The other was Lou Nova, the disillusioned Yogi, also plump, and seen on many occasions by the Bandit residing on the floor. Both of these gentlemen were fortunate to be placed under the care of the shrewd Bandit. He will make them wealthy and famous and furnish some interesting conversation in the bargain.

Take the case of Phil Scott, an Englishman, whom Mr. Johnston exploited so successfully as the Swooning Swan of Soho. Mr. Johnston says the Swan made more money than President Hoover simply by falling to his knees, clutching his groin, and screaming foul in a clear, clipped British accent.

This is not to imply that the Bandit intends to have the Mighty Menichelli or Nova go through their careers on skinned knees or with permanently clutched hands. Mr. Johnston is a man of exceptional versatility and he usually manages to fashion his tactics to suit the personality of his fighter.

Before presenting the Mighty Menichelli to the public, Mr. Johnston isolated himself for two weeks in a library looking through old boxing prints and record books. He was greatly impressed by a pose of John L. Sullivan and likened Menichelli to him. Then, to his utter amazement, he discovered that Menichelli had exactly the same measurements as the great John L. The Bandit immediately pounced on this and soon had an essay written for the press explaining that Menichelli was another Sullivan.

"No one ever believed," Mr. Johnston wrote, "that there would be another man with the physique of John L. Sullivan. For 65 years none appeared on the pugilistic horizon until by chance (and the boat fare) I brought to these shores the Mighty Menichelli. He is a replica of John L. himself—not a whit taller, nor any heavier, with the same ripping savage attack." Then as an afterthought, Mr. Johnston added: "Menichelli can also punch."

Along about the 13th paragraph, Mr. Johnston told an amazing story:

"While Menichelli was boxing at Madame Bey's training camp, he was given the once-over by Mr. Cocky Tully of Paterson, N. J. Mr. Tully is going into his nineties and he was an assistant trainer for John L. Sullivan in 1888. After taking one look at the Mighty Menichelli, Mr. Tully exclaimed: 'My God, I thought I was seeing the great John L. Sullivan again. He resembles Sullivan more than any man I have ever seen.' Tully also said that he would like to come over to Newark to see Menichelli fight Laurient Bouchard. I told him: 'Mr. Tully, you are my guest.'"

When the news of Cocky Tully reached Paterson, searching parties scoured the town for the man who had actually trained the great John L. Cocky wasn't to be found. But the Bandit's pen had already done its work. A goodly crowd turned out in Newark to see the fabulous Tully and the Mighty Menichelli. They saw Menichelli whip Bouchard all right, but they didn't see Cocky Tully. As Mr. Johnston pointed out after collecting the purse, "The only guy I know named Tully is myself."

With Nova, a known commodity, Mr. Johnston was forced to play it straight. Sticking strictly to the facts, he said:

"Now Lou intends to start chasing Joe Louis until he catches up with him. He may be sorry, but he'll be well paid."

FURLOUGH FIGHTER. S/Sgt. Joe Louis puts Johnny Denson away in second round of their exhibition at Detroit. Louis has the WD's okay to do whatever he pleases on his 21-day furlough, so he's fighting.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

IF war conditions permit, several big-time football coaches will be sent overseas to coach GI teams in championship theater games. **Fritz Crisler** of Michigan and **Steve Owen** of the pro Giants have been mentioned as two possible selections. . . . **Gil Dodds**, the plank-pounding parson, will hang up his spiked shoes for a career as a missionary. He expects to be called to the Orient. . . . **Lt. Bill Dickey** is telling his Navy chums in Hawaii that he doesn't want a managerial job after the war. His big desire is to return to the Yankees as a catcher. . . . **Lt. Joe Maniaci**, coach of the powerful Bainbridge (Md.) NTS footballers, is a gridiron illusion of Jimmy Dykes. He runs out on the field and argues on every penalty. . . . It will take French horse racing several years to shake off the effects of the German occupation. The Nazis walked in and looted all of the better breeding establishments, taking the pick of French sires off to Germany. . . . After watching **Cpl. Billy Conn** and **Sgt. Freddie Mills** work out in England, **Comdr. Jack Dempsey** quipped: "The only thing Mills has on Conn is an extra stripe." . . . According to statistical hounds at Randolph Field, every time **Lt. Bill Dudley** puts his hands on the ball he gains a first down. They're including passes, run backs and intercepted passes.

Killed in action: **Lt. Lou Zamperini**, Southern Cal miler, in the South Pacific after being reported missing since May 1943. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Pvt. John Sitarsky**, head football coach at Bucknell University, in Germany; **Pfc. Robert Grove**, son of baseball's famous Lefty Grove, in Holland. . . . *Appointed:* **Tom (Shorty) McWilliams**, Mississippi State's All-American backfield candidate, to West Point. . . . *Discharged:* **Lt. Harry Kipke**, one-time Michigan football coach, from the Navy because he is more than 38 years old; **Pvt. Mickey Livingston**, Chicago Cub catcher, from the Army with a CDD; **Sgt. Les Mueller**, Detroit Tiger right-hander, from the Army with a CDD. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Gerald Walker**, 36-year-old Cincinnati outfielder; **Jack Matheson**, Detroit Lions' end; **Cecil Johnson**, Brooklyn Tiger halfback; **Coley McDonough**, Card-Pitts quarterback—all by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Phil Watson**, center of the New York Hockey Rangers; **Bobby Thurbon**, Card-Pitts halfback, no reasons given.

—Cpl. Joe Cunningham

"WELL, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"LET'S FORGET ABOUT THAT OAK LEAF CLUSTER, FISHBEIN, AND HEAD BACK FOR THE BASE."
—A/S Gerry Turner

"AND THAT, ROUGHLY SPEAKING, IS HOW YOU COME TO HAVE ALL THOSE BABIES."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

"AND WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE FOR MISSING DENTAL INSPECTION?"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery